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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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NOURSE, EATON & TOLMAN, PROPRIETORS.
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CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

'O tell me not of fairer lands,
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

My native Isle! my native Isle!
Though bare and bleak thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!'

DECEMBER, last pale visitor of the twelve, she comes and scatters the snow-wreath over the roofs of our dwellings, and along our frozen streets — she nips the latest flower that has dared to lift its little head to the sunshine — she drives every living thing under shelter, and bids man seek in-doors for that comfort which he can no longer find abroad. Now we begin to see what a blessed thing it is to have a *home*. Perhaps we used to think, sometimes, last summer, that the birds had a mighty nice time of it, singing up there among the green leaves. No farm, no merchandise, no workshop, no office to trouble their little brains. Nothing to do but fly about among their vast possessions, and get their dinner—which never needs cooking—and then fly back and sing another song! But now we see that we have some privileges which the birds have not. At the first cold wind, the poor things must quit their homes, and fly away—away—nobody knows where—but although it may be to a far pleasanter clime than ours, this perpetual migration does not meet our views at all.

On the whole, we are glad we are *not* a bird. Man, though a working animal, finds a compensation for his labors, and his *greatest* compensation, in the power to establish a permanent home. He may be exposed to cold and hardship through the short winter day, he may have to buffet a driving storm before he reaches his own door, but once there, he feels that it is a haven of rest. To be sure he stands there in the hall looking like a great snow-man, but then it is his wife's hands that help him off with his great coat,—it is his own little bright-eyed girl that stands laughing and dancing while he emerges from his heap of wrappings. She it is who has got his arm-chair and slippers all ready for him close by the fire. By-and-by, when he gets warm, he gathers with his family about the pleasant tea-table, and all are eager to hear what news he brings from the great world without to his little world within, and he, on his part, has been looking forward to this very home through all the busy day. Perhaps he isn't a man of any great importance anywhere else, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the centre and stay at *one* household. "*Trench*" (on the use of words,)—some of our readers may not have seen it—says *husband* means *house-band*, that strong, embracing power that unites and holds together all the family. There are men who seem born with a propensity to rove. They wander over land and sea, and are never at rest, yet often the very motive which sends them farther, is a latent desire to obtain means to found, at last, a pleasant and comfortable home for themselves. In most cases, a man will not expatriate himself if he can help it, and if, by chance, he inherit his father's house, the homestead cot—with what tenacity he clings to the spot. He would not give up these old associations for anything *short* of a home in Paradise!

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States a few weeks ago, he was welcomed with enthusiasm wherever he went. He was followed

by crowds as he rode through the streets of our cities—ladies threw bouquets and waved handkerchiefs at him—men cheered him—he was taken sight-seeing—he was invited to lunch—balls were made for him—and thus day after day—week after week—until, if we may venture to suppose him made of flesh and blood at all similar to that of other mortals, the brains of his Royal Highness must have whirled in confusion. Now, in the depths of our republican heart, we could not help wishing that the programme might have been varied a little. He can see at home more splendor, more diamonds, and as many gay men and women as we could possibly show him here. All this was very well, but it could be no novelty to him.

What idea could he obtain from it of the life of the great multitude of the people? Of that wherein our great strength lieth? We would like to have had him make a "progress" through the quiet villages of New England, to have had him talk a little with our plain country people, as well as dance with our city belles. He should have seen the white church spire rising among the hills, with the school-house and academy near by, and the comfortable but unpretending dwellings of the inhabitants. We could even wish that his Royal Highness might have stepped his foot into one of our meeting-houses, might have visited a district-school—aye, and been introduced to its pretty mistress—that he might have called at the house of some untitled citizen.

These things are American, these things are characteristic, while a ball-room is a ball-room, all the world over.

He did go hunting on the prairies—we are glad of that, and he saw our Falls of Niagara too, in all the right royal majesty of nature, roaring and dashing over their stony walls untrammelled by etiquette, and not introduced by the "Mayor."

Well, the year has almost gone by that brought the young stranger to our shores, and his visit will long be remembered by a friendly people, and will go down to posterity as a matter of history, and the year has made other records too—some public, some private,—the first will find a place in the archives of our country, the latter in the hearts of individuals—but whatever its record has been, it is almost finished now. A few weeks, and we shall bid farewell to its departing footsteps, and welcome the dawn of *Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-One.*

CATS FREE FROM HEADACHE.—It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or to feel giddy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or ever get broken. I never knew of a cat breaking its leg from an accident, but in one instance, and that was a French cat, which fell down stairs in the most stupid manner. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps?—why does she not get concussion of the brain, as a man or dog would, if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cats' heads off the keeper's museum wall and break it up, we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inwards towards the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.

For the New England Farmer.

"SHINGLING."

MR. EDITOR:—One of your correspondents, under the above heading, in answer to "What will make shingles last longer," gives some instructions and reasons which you very justly call "capital;" yet his methods, in part, by which he arrives at those reasons, are not quite so clear as they ought to be.

Laying shingles as they should be requires more mechanical skill or knowledge than it is often supposed to, or else we should not so often see inexperienced boys, and any Jonathans who may happen to be procured for small pay and board, shingling alone with a few meagre instructions, and those being mostly disregarded. But however properly laid, if not properly nailed, the desired object is in a great measure frustrated. In respect to the nailing, Mr. Emerson says:

"However wide the shingles may be, I do not allow the nails to be put more than two inches apart."

Query.—Where are the nails to be put in the shingles? I have seen those who would have but one nail in a shingle of any width, and that nearly in the middle; and those who would have but one, and that in one edge; and again, those who would have in a shingle, say six inches wide, three to four nails, and so on in proportion to the width, making, if equally spaced, about as near as your correspondent directs. From his *reason*, aided by my own notion, I infer that he uses but two nails in any shingle, however wide; yet, one holding to using more nails might prefer a nail every two inches, perhaps.

Again, he does "not want the nails drove quite in, or so as to sink the heads," but to "hold up the butts of the next row of shingles." True, it will ventilate the roof, but will it not let the snow and wind liberally through the roof or walls on our New England hills, and increase the liability to their being blown off? If sheathing paper is used, or the interspaces are properly filled with whitewash, paint, or cement, applied upon each course as they are laid, this will be avoided, of course, in a great degree.

Would it not be much better to use a "straight-edge" about as wide as the shingles are laid to the weather, and thus avoid the "dirty work" of which the carpenters complain? But as it is not intended to give my views and experience in this article, but rather to call the writer's attention to the matter so that he may give more light upon this important subject, let this, for the present, suffice.

O. W. TRUE.

Elm Tree Farm, Maine.

For the New England Farmer.

OUR TOWN.

MR. EDITOR:—I frequently see communications from other towns, describing their location, their improvements, their general progress, and other matters more particularly connected with such towns, but have never seen anything written from our town; and as a town, I am not aware that anything has ever been published to give us even an introduction to the world. And now, with your approbation, I should like to give, through the medium of the *New England Farmer*, a brief sketch of the business operations in the little town of Fairhaven.

It is a small town, situated in Rutland county, Western Vermont, a few miles from the head of Lake Champlain, and separated by a small stream from the Empire State. Its area is only about fifteen square miles, one-third of which is uninhabited, the soil being somewhat unfavorable to cultivation, but valuable for wood and timber. Its population is a little less than 1400, (being an increase of over 50 per cent. within the last ten years,) a large proportion of which are slaters and other manufacturers.

Agriculture is receiving some attention, especially of late, as you will see by your subscription list, that quite a considerable number of copies of the *New England Farmer* are taken here. Our farmers are waking up to the importance of improving their stock, as was plainly indicated by the exhibition of horses, cattle and sheep at our Town Fair this fall, and to the importance of making and saving manure, deeper and more thorough tillage, building good barns, instead of the coarse, sham things of "olden time," underdraining, &c., though the latter has not, as yet been carried out very extensively, but some have made beginnings.

The slate quarries employ on an average about 100 hands, and produce 1500 to 2000 squares per month. Here let me remark that a square of slate covers ten feet square, or 100 square feet of roof. Slaters generally contract to furnish, transport and lay the slate for so much per square.

Our factories are small, compared with some others in the country, but are doing good business for the amount of capital invested.

We have one forge of two fires, with rolling-mill and nail-factory attached, producing from iron made here and elsewhere, some 1200 kegs, or 60 tons of nails, and as much more of marble-saws, nail-rods, horse-shoe iron, &c., per month; a beautiful saw-mill, grist-mill and tannery; new woolen factory, just ready to go into operation, with some 800 spindles and twelve to fifteen looms.

A paper-mill that has been in operation nearly half a century is now undergoing thorough repairs, and expected to produce twenty-five to thirty tons of paper per month, and will employ fifteen to twenty hands.

Our marble-mill runs twelve gangs of saws, employing twenty-five hands, and cutting equal to 16 or 17,000 feet, two inch stuff, per month. Here I remark that marble-saws are simple plates of soft iron without teeth, used in sufficient numbers to cut up a whole block at once. They work horizontally, and, by the constant application of sand and water, work through a large block in four to six days. I would also remark that the marble company quarry their own marble in the town of Rutland, where they employ fifty men, at an expense of over $1000 per month, and that other business men of this town are also doing considerable in other places.

A factory for cutting and finishing marble, and for sawing, cutting and marbleizing slate, has just commenced operations. It promises well, and has already produced some of the finest specimens of that kind of work, all within the space of a quarter of a mile. The Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad passes within a few rods of these works, affording ample facility for transporting every kind of commodity with the utmost convenience.

We have four stores of general merchandise, two of flour, two groceries, one hotel, and a sufficient number of doctors and lawyers.

The village proper is on a level plain somewhat elevated above the river, having a public green of about eleven acres, with a large park in the centre, laid out in elliptic form, enclosed by a fence with posts of marble, and well planted with trees, which already begin to assume the appearance of a grove. Here are four churches, small, but convenient, and neatly finished, and regularly occupied, and another nearly finished. A Town House of brick, some forty-four by sixty-four feet, and another large house of marble, cut and polished, with a large number of smaller ones of wood, are now in course of erection. I should like to speak of some other things, but have already written longer than I intended. H. BRIGGS.

Fairhaven, Vt., Oct., 1860.

VENTILATION OF THE APPLE BARREL.

By this we mean the boring of holes in the head staves of the barrels that will allow the escape of the moisture that is constantly passing off from the newly gathered fruit. We hazard nothing in the statement that one-half the fruit sent to this market this season, so far, has been materially injured from this cause. The effect of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once apparent. The fruit appears uncommonly bright on the first opening—but as the surface dries off, the apple begins to grow dull looking, and if a light skinned apple, in a day or two will present the appearance of half-baked fruit.

But this steaming from confinement not only injures the sale of the fruit, but to the great disappointment of the consumer, his fruit does not keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety of apple he purchased led him to suppose it would. Premature decay is sure to follow as a consequence of this want of ventilation.—*Chicago Fruit Dealer.*

SALT FOR FENCE POSTS.—A correspondent of the *N. H. Journal of Agriculture* set some white oak posts, about twelve inches square, thirty years ago, and on examining them the other day he found them all sound. After setting, he bored into each post, about three inches above ground, with a two-inch auger, at an angle of about 45°, and filled the hole with salt and plugged it up. It took about half a pint of salt to each post. The plugs are yet in, and the posts look as sound as when set. He tried none without salt.

For the New England Farmer.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

GENTLEMEN :—In your regarded issue of the 13th, I notice your remarks headed "Egyptian Corn," concluding as follows, viz : "We refer to this matter to show the results of one experiment with the Egyptian corn, and to ask our friends who "enclosed one dollar in stamps or currency to Mr. Crandall, and who have grown the Egyptian corn, to inform us what success attended the experiment."

I would state, in answer, that *never* seeing your advertising columns filled with gullibilities, and disgusting insertions, I felt a confidence in responding to the notice of Mr. Crandall as contained in your issue of May last, and at once, on reading the same, I remitted the one dollar indicated to the party, accompanied by stamps for the appropriate return. Soon after, I received by mail an envelope containing about two teaspoonfuls of the so called "Egyptian seed corn," with a few words of direction, (printed upon a mere scrap of paper,) and naught further! At once I placed the corn in the hands of the gentleman with whom I reside, (one of your subscribers,) a most intelligent and practical farmer. He prepared some ground forthwith for the reception of the seed, in the very best portion of his farm and manured the same well. Planted four kernels of the corn in each hill, making in all about twenty hills. This planting took place about June 1st, last past, and the hills were well hoed and cared for. The result of all was a very slow coming forth of the corn at all. At last it poked its lazy and attenuated development upward, but gave never an indication of product for a long time. Finally some ears appeared, but "few and far between," I assure you. The last past week the result was harvested, yielding from the entire twenty (perhaps thirty,) hills, a short half bushel of ears of the so called "Egyptian corn," part red and part white, looking as sickly as if it had left home too early. From these we were enabled to secure about twenty-five ears only worth looking at, and with the balance we insulted our hogs by tossing it to them, and a poor mess they had of it, too, you may well imagine. For it was but a short half bushel of stunted, worthless corn that was the rendering, from the all promising Crandall seed of Egypt! The stalks are coarse, wiry, with a sort of saw edge, and rejected by our cattle,—as they are ever accustomed to a better feed, not being of Egyptian descent, and not in any sense familiar with the "leeks and onions" of that region.

A sample of the best ears I could find in all, I send you by express, and you are at liberty to use the same, or aught from my letter, as you may choose. I must only, however, remark in this reply to your request, that I think there must have been two omissions in the grouping of the "Plagues of Egypt," as given to us in the ancient Mosaic records! The first of these I deem to have been this "Egyptian Corn," (if such it be,) and the second the *ancestry* of this intending benefactor of mankind, Mr. Crandall, if he came from "those diggings."

Be assured, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Crandall humbugged your readers most essentially, who sent him their money for his worthless trash. However, this is but the second time I have been deluded by such puffy advertisements, and in future shall ever deem them as unprofitable, and let them pass. At present, please regard me but as him of whom it was said, "Fool and his money soon parted."

Yet parted not for any "corn"
That's worthy a description—
But for a corn—looked so forlorn,
They christened it Egyptian.

Should you wish any further information as to this very rare cereal, the gentleman with whom I reside, (Mr. John Williams,) will cheerfully afford you the same, and give you the result of its fattening qualities on his swine, who were favored with a homœopathic taste of the same.

EDWARD BRINLEY.

Oak Hill, Oct. 15, 1860.

For the New England Farmer.

WHAT WE FIND IN AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

How much a single number of a well conducted newspaper tells us of the condition of the country where it is published! I am led to this reflection by reading the "*Mark Lane Express and Agricultural Journal*," a paper published weekly in London. How significant is every paragraph of the differences between Old England and New England. The number of Sept. 24, 1860, is before us. Let us look a moment at its contents. Here is a little table showing the quantities of "corn" imported into eleven ports in England and Scotland for the week ending Sept. 12th. We must bear in mind that corn in England does not mean Indian corn, but all kinds of grain. The amount for the week is 222,416 quarters, which multiplied by 8 gives the number of bushels 1,779,328! nearly two million bushels of grain brought into those ports in a single week, equal to about 324 thousand bushels per day. This is truly surprising, and we should at once conclude that this must have been an extraordinary week. If, however, we turn to Caird's recent letters on Prairie Farming, we shall find at page 9 the following: "During the last year, (1858,) we have imported into this country at the rate of nearly one million quarters (8 million bushels) of grain each month. We have thus, in addition to our home crop, consumed *each day* the produce of ten thousand acres of foreign land." Now ten thousand acres of wheat, at 25 bushels per acre, would give 250,000 bushels, a little short of the daily quantity reported in the *Mark Lane Express* for the single week. Great Britain, then, it seems, consumes all her own grain, and requires a little farm of some three and a half million acres, all in heavy grain, equal to 25 bushels of wheat per acre, to keep her population supplied with food!

No wonder the interests of agriculture attract attention in England. No wonder that her lords and ladies, as well as her agricultural population

express so deep and constant an interest in the crops, the weather and the harvest; for a failure of the crops there brings distress and even famine, while with us no failure has ever been so general, that the want could not be supplied within our own borders, and our only complaint has been of a rise in the price of flour and meal.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

But let us look further into our paper. Here is one of a series of articles upon "Farming without the Plow." This, to one who has seen English husbandry, means much more than others might suppose. The writer advocates not any new Terra-cultor, like that recently patented out West, a sort of rotary digger to claw up the earth, as Talpa suggests, like the claw of a mole, but the use ot a class of implements well known in England, but almost unknown here.

If we turn to the advertising columns, we find advertisements illustrated with cuts of scarifiers and cultivators, heavy, powerful implements, with from seven to ten steel teeth, some eighteen inches long, curved forward, borne on wheels two or three feet high, the structure of which at once indicates their adaptation to old, well-tilled fields.

I have seen a scarifier of this description drawn by five horses through wheat stubble after harvest, before any other process. The design was to clear the field entirely of all rubbish preparatory to the next crop, which would be turnips. The long, sharp, shining teeth forced, a foot deep, through the soil, give a fine pulverization, at small expense, for the scarifier, although requiring a heavy team, works a breadth of several feet at once, and thus compensates for the power required to move it.

Upon many of our fields clear of stones and stumps, such an implement, instead of the shallow cultivator in use in New England, might profitably be substituted. We find also cuts and notices of Drills of various kinds, for sowing wheat, turnips, and other seeds. Nearly all the grain in England is sowed in rows or drills, with these machines, drawn by horses. Wheat is drilled from 6 to 10 inches apart, and a breadth of say 8 feet is covered at one operation. In the after-cultivation, horse-hoes, made exactly to match the drills, are drawn between the rows working the same number of drills. A man follows the implement, carefully watching and guiding one hoe, and all the rest of the set are governed by this one, and as the implement goes in the track of the drill, the rows of which are parallel, although not precisely straight, there is little injury to the crop. The turnip and mangold crops are hoed in the same way, four or five rows at a time, with great facility. Horse-hoeing, upon wheat is only practised on light soils, but universally, the wheat is horse-hoed or hoed and weeded by hand, on all well conducted farms. This skilful use of tools, and thorough cultivation and care, tell of a more perfect husbandry than is any where seen in America, at least in the Northern States.

MOCK AUCTIONS OF LIVE STOCK.

Further on, we find several communications on the subject of auction sales of cattle, in which it is charged that many of the pretended sales of short-horns and other animals, so common among breeders in England, are mere shams, in which men of respectable position engage to get rid of their poor stock, by advertising their well known and high bred animals to attract bidders, and procuring the best to be bid in for their own use. The *Mark Lane Express* has contained several articles recently on this subject. From what I know of English gentlemen and English farmers, I should expect to find as much fairness and honor in their dealings as in those of any class in any country. Honesty is an English trait, and character is an Englishman's capital, and if such practices have prevailed there, public sentiment will soon drive them from existence.

MARKET FAIRS.

This paper contains regular reports of all the grain markets in the world, agricultural reports from the various counties of the condition and prospect of the crops, reports of the cattle, wool and provision markets, with weekly averages of prices. Fairs are regularly held all over Great Britain, in the principal towns, weekly, monthly, or at other intervals, at which farmers, and others buy and sell all their farm products. I attended several of those fairs, and witnessed the manner of conducting their business, and was struck with the perfect reliance placed upon the seller's representation. Grain is usually sold by samples. The farmer is met by a buyer who accosts him with, "What have you to-day to sell?" or the like. The farmer replies, "So many quarters of white wheat, so many of red wheat, so many of barley." "Have you samples?" The farmer takes from his capacious pocket several small bags of a half-pint each, opens them, and allows the buyer to examine, which he does carefully by feeling, tasting and smelling. The price is named, and agreed on, and the buyer takes the sample and pays the price, and never sees his purchase till received perhaps in Liverpool or Manchester. I was assured that fraud was almost unknown in these sales, and most of the grain sold in the country changes hands in this way. Can we not profit by this example? The farmer wants free trade and an open market, in order to protect himself. In this country, an agent from the city slips round before harvest, and bargains privately for all the wheat, or wool, or apples, for all

the butter, cheese, poultry, and everything else, at the farmer's door, and monopolizing the article adds a frightful commission, and giving the farmer the lowest prices, compels the consumer in the city to pay the highest prices. Thus both producer and consumer, by being kept apart, support a large class of middlemen who wax fat at their expense.

If any man doubts of these things, let him try the buying and selling price of any of these commodities, in Quincy Market, in Boston, any day, and he may learn. Market fairs we want and must have, regularly, in all our large towns.

Much more might we learn of the *Mark Lane Express*, had we time and space, but between text and commentary, our sheet is already filled, and we must await a future opportunity.

For the New England Farmer.

AUTUMNAL SHOWS---APPROVAL.

I like the tone of your article in the weekly *Farmer* of the 13th October, headed "Autumnal Shows," wherein you give an account of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Fair. It would answer for a description of some local fairs, held recently in our region, at which agriculture, or what properly pertains to its true interests, was entirely in the back-ground, and a secondary matter—but horse-races, raree shows, Yankee peddlers, faro-tables, and the like, were first and foremost.

If the time has come, as some of the officers of our agricultural societies seem to conclude, that fairs cannot be sustained, except by the aid of these things, so utterly foreign to every agricultural interest, for one, I should be willing to have them cease at once, unless they can be sustained wholly upon their own merits.

If I pay my quarter for admittance inside of what are termed the fair grounds, it somewhat grates upon my ears to be assailed immediately upon entering the enclosure, to expend another quarter for the purpose of witnessing the wonderful performance of the noted "Ethopian minstrels, direct from New York," or to view the "largest living snake in America," or the "fat baby," or the "what do you call it." No, Messrs. Editors, this is not what I bargained for, and I wholly object to its being thrust upon my notice in this underhanded way.

Seriously, I think the public will soon insist that these things be purged from our fairs, or, as an institution, they must go down, and their primeval usefulness be lost. W. J. Pettee.

Salisbury, Conn., Oct., 1860.

To get Horses from a Stable on Fire.—Mr. Elisha French, of Braintree, Mass., has invented a means of unfastening and taking horses from their stalls when the building in which they are kept is on fire. The contrivance, in model, looks to us as though it would be useful. He says it is so constructed that a person may stand at the outer door and unfasten and lead a horse out without exposing himself in the least to injury.

THE OLD GRIST MILL.

The grist mill stands beside the stream,
With bending roof and leaning wall,
So old that when the winds are wild
The miller trembles lest it should fall;
But moss and ivy never sere,
Bedeck it o'er from year to year.

The dam is steep, and welded green;
The gates are raised, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,
The lowest round forevermore;
Methinks they have a sound of ire,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time,
When heavy harvests load the plains,
Up drives the farmer to the mill,
And back anon with loaded wains;
They bring a heap of golden grain
And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,
But peeping in the open door,
You see the miller flitting round,
And dusty bags along the floor;
And by the shaft and down the spout,
The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff,
Floats round it on the sultry breeze,
And shineth like a settling swarm
Of golden-winged and belted bees;
Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
When bellows blow and forges roar.

I love my pleasant, quaint old mill!
It 'minds me of my early prime;
'Tis changed since then, but not so much
As I am by decay and time;
Its wrecks are mossed from year to year,
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand by the stream of life:
The mighty current sweeps along,
Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,
It turns the magic wheel of song,
And grinds the ripening harvest brought
From out the golden field of thought.

APPLES.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally loved than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not an apple-orchard where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half; whilst boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert which can be placed on the table, is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions, more effectually than the most approved medicines.

If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—for the pies, cakes, candies, and other sweetmeats with which their children are too often indiscretely stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A RIDE ON A PATENT CARRIAGE.

Several years ago, while passing among the agricultural machinery at the State Fair in Vermont, our attention was attracted to a *winnowing machine* of singular construction and power, and we immediately sought out the inventor, who set it in operation and explained what he considered its advantages over other winnowers. The notes then taken of that and some other articles were lost, and no opportunity until now has since occurred for us to speak of it. He calls it a "Fanning and Assorting Machine," for separating all kinds of grain, seeds, and pulse, dividing the large and earliest ripened for seed, from the smallest and medium-sized. It is as remarkable for its velocity of operation as a *winnower*, as it is for its accuracy as a separator.

One of our neighbors having a quantity of barley in the chaff, we are told that Mr. Nutting, with one of his machines only three feet and two inches long, winnowed it up for him at the rate of *seventy-two* bushels per hour, and that, at the recent State Fair at Manchester, he winnowed rye at the rate of 100 bushels per hour, and at another place, India wheat at 78, and oats at 120 bushels per hour! As a winnower and separator combined, we have seen nothing equal to it.

But we have almost lost sight of the patent carriage, as we had of its inventor, until he gave us a call the other day, and invited us to ride with him, which was accepted, and proved an agreeable one. The peculiarity of this carriage consists in the novel construction and arrangement of the springs and draft-rods, whereby the usual rocker, perch, reaches, braces and hinges, with their connecting plates, bolts and rivets are *wholly dispensed* with, thus diminishing the *weight* about 15 per cent., and the *cost* about 10 per cent.

The motions of the carriage were decidedly easy and pleasant. While it seemed more elastic than the common carriage, it also appeared to be more firm and steady in its motions, and retained its position better, scarcely swaying over at all when making the shortest turns, or having all the load on one side.

The inventor states that these improvements have been in use more than four years, and judging from this trial, he believes the carriages constructed with them more durable than any other in use. The improvements are applicable to any kind of carriage, with two or four wheels.

We noticed, also, that he has a simple, yet effective method for retaining the tugs upon the whiffletree, instead of the leather string usually in use.

THOMAS' DRAINING PLOW.—An interesting account of the Draining operations at "The Meadows," the residence of C. S. Wainwright, Esq., lately appeared in the *Tribune*. Mr. W. has already, it appears, put in five miles of tile drains, in addition to an equal extent of stone drains laid down before tile could be had in this part of the State. He is constantly extending his system of drainage, having now 10,000 tiles, it is stated, as a first installment in a new portion of the meadow; and, remarks the writer, "the opening of the ditches is greatly expedited by the use of a surface plow and Thomas' draining plow—a simple but effective subsoiler that disturbs the soil at a depth of twenty inches or so beneath the surface. In half a day, with two men and two pair of horses, Mr. Wainwright started drains for 9,000 tiles, one spit deep, leaving the remainder to be dug with the draining spade."

FALL AND EARLY-WINTER CARE OF SHEEP.

Probably no part of farm stock pays so liberally and promptly for care and attention as do sheep. The difference of one pound of wool per head, at shearing time, would be regarded as an item of no small importance in figuring up the value of a years' clip from a large flock; yet there is often a much larger difference than this in the income of flocks, resulting from the manner of feeding, housing and tending. Sheep may have good pasturage in Summer, and good attention after the winter season has fairly set in, and yet suffer for want of proper care during the cold storms of Fall and early Winter, and from an insufficiency of food "between hay and grass." The following remarks which we extract from the Michigan *Farmer*, are timely, and to the point.

There is no season of the year when sheep are more liable to lose nearly all they have gained, than during the Fall and early Winter; and if they do, there is an end to the hopes of a crop of wool. For the want of food has the effect of stopping the growth of the wool, and the moment the growth is stopped, the end of the fibre is completed, a change takes place, it becomes dead, in a manner analogous to the stem of ripe fruit, and a renewal of good feed after these months, and after the growth of the wool has been once stopped, only prepares the skin to send forth a new growth that pushes off the old fleece, and causes it to be lost before shearing time. The cases are not unfrequent, when we have been told by the owners of flocks of sheep, which were shown in a very tattered condition in the spring, that they did not know what had got into their sheep, they "had fed them grain ever since February, or perhaps since New Year's;" it could not be poor feed that had caused the loss of the fleece. But in fact the harm was done perhaps before New Year's. The sheep had been allowed to lose their condition in November and December, the growth of the fleece had been arrested, and the interior works of the skin that produced the pile of wool had been stopped for want of supplies. When the works were again set in motion by sufficient supply of food, they produced a new crop, which did not connect with the old one. Nothing is more evident from this than that the economy of the

wool-grower consists in keeping his sheep well fed during the early part of winter, and also well protected from storms, for it is plain from the fact that wool begins to grow even on poorly kept sheep, as soon as the temperature of spring permits the animal economy to divert some of the supplies from being consumed in keeping up the mere vital organization, to the increase of the fleece, that heat has as much to do with the growth of wool as with the growth of plants. Hence we say, give sheep protection at an early date in the beginning of winter, if you desire to keep the fleece in full growth during the cold season.

THE HUMAN BODY.

When we have gained some slight knowledge of the wondrous mechanism we name the body, how multitudinous its combined actions, how easily the disturbance of one will affect the the healthy action of the rest, and how recklessly we disregard the plainest rules of health, wonder at a few men having succumbed in the course of an intense intellectual life ceases at once, and a new wonder emerges—wonder that any man can live this life, and retain his faculties in healthy activity. The very predominance of the nervous system implies a predominant activity, and this is liable to be stimulated to excess by two potent tempters: ambition, eager to jostle its way through energetic crowds; and fascination, which lies in intellectual labor, the brooding *storge* of creation, the passionate persistence of research. These tempters hurry men into excess. Men who live much by the brain have seldom the courage to be prudent, seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder; in vain the head feels hot, the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper irritable: these are nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded; the object of ambition lures the victim on, the seduction of artistic creation, or of a truth seen dancing like a will-o'-wisp, incessantly solicits him; he will not pause—at length he cannot pause, the excitement has become a fever, the flame that warms destroys him: madness arrives. Sad this is, and would be infinitely sad if there were no help for it, if the very glory and splendor of the intellect were necessarily allied to its infirmity and ruin. But it is not so. Men cannot transgress nature's laws without incurring nature's penalties.

HOW TO PLANT WILLOW.—Mr. Skean gives the following directions in the *Farmer and Gardener*. "The proper time to plant is before the sap starts in the spring. Take your limb or pole, point it with a keen hatchet, and having made a hole with a suitable crow-bar, insert the pole, tapping it on the top with a mallet to make it firm; or, what is equally good, ramming the ground firmly around it with a common post rammer. The pointed end should be inserted, if possible, until it reaches the water, otherwise they will not thrive so rapidly. The willow succeeds best where the water is fresh, and not stagnant."

For the New England Farmer.

CORN-FIELDS AND THE BLUE JAY.

MR. EDITOR:—In perusing the communications of your ornithological correspondents it has sometimes occurred to me as a little strange that no one, so far as I have observed, has had anything to say respecting one bird which, from its predatory habits, is at this season a great pest to the farmer. I allude to the Blue Jay or Jay bird, as he is called by some. While the petty pilferings of the robin upon cherries and currants have been fully discussed and commented upon, the more important depredations of the Jay upon our corn-fields have (perhaps from being considered an unavoidable evil) been passed over in silence. I think one bushel an acre is a low estimate of my average loss every fail by their plundering,—rather a heavy per centage upon the product of our light lands hereabouts. Not content with the supply of their present wants, they are said to lay up a store for the winter, which I believe to be a fact, as, while at work in the woods, I have found corn stuck into holes and under the loose bark of dead trees, which I set down as their place of deposit. Just now, whole flocks of them are almost constantly on the wing betwixt the corn-fields and their haunts, filling the air with their discordant screams,—and they keep steadily at work so long as an ear remains unharvested. I consider them a much greater plague than those who pull corn in the spring, as I know how to prevent their operations, but I confess I do not know how to stop the Jay, unless by shooting, and it would require three or four in different parts of the field, as he is by no means bashful, and this would not pay. If you, or any of your correspondents, know of any redeeming points in his character, I shall be glad to be informed of them. At present I consider him an unmitigated thief. If every one loses in proportion all over the country he inhabits, the amount will be no trifling item.

Rochester, Oct., 1860. A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAD HORSES.—From two to three hundred horses are supposed to die in this city every week, and the average value of the carcass is about $10, yielding about 1¼ lbs. of hair for cloth, about 30 lbs. of hide, 6 lbs. of hoofs and tendons, for glue and buttons, 160 lbs. bone, made into snuff-boxes, knife-handles, phosphorus and superphosphate of lime, and 60 lbs. of blood, yielding prussiate of potash. In addition, it is suspected that a portion of the meat finds its way into our markets; that the baked heart and liver season a good deal of coffee; and that the intestines are used as skins for sausages. Nevertheless, our city pays a large sum annually for the removal of these valuable materials to Barren Island.—*N. Y. Sun.*

JERSEYS AND OXFORDS.—The sale of Jersey cows and Oxford Down sheep, advertised in the *Farmer* three or four weeks since, took place at Mr. Fay's farm on the 5th instant. The Jersey cows sold for $100 each, as an average, and the grade Jerseys, $46. The sheep averaged $10 per head—one Oxford Down ram, three years old, bringing $51.

THE FRIZZLED FOWL.

This fowl, more curious than useful, is said to be a native of Japan, and other parts of Eastern Asia, and is frequently called the "Friezeland fowl," from confounding the proper term *frizzled* with Friezeland. Captain Steadman has observed, in his "Voyage to Surinam and the interior of Guiana," that the natives rear a very small species of fowls whose feathers are ruffled, and which seem to be natives of that country.

"This fowl," says Layard, in a letter from Ceylon, "is called by the Ceylonese *Caprikukullo*. It is found here but rarely, and the natives say they came from Batavia." Sonnini and Temminck agree that it is a native of Southern Asia, but that it is domesticated, and thrives well in Java, Sumatra, and all the Philippine Islands. It is the *gallus crispus* (Frizzled fowl) of Brisson.

Martin says, "this breed is originally from Eastern Asia, and is often seen in Java, Sumatra, and India. It is a new variety, and not a distinct species, as some have supposed." It is occasionally met with in this country, but is not common. It is called by some "French fowl." It takes its name of *frizzled*, from the feathers—with the exception of the tail—being turned or curled towards the head, giving it the appearance, as has been facetiously remarked, of having been "drawn through a knot-hole." Here, at the north, our climate is even too severe for the grown fowls. They are tender—the feathers do not afford protection against wet, and they are unable to bear exposure. "The open, ruffled appearance of their feathers," says another writer, "suggests the opinion that they must be unsuited to our climate; but those best acquainted with them inform us that they are hardy, and do not suffer more than other fowls from the weather of this country. They have the power, it seems, to bring their feathers close together during the occurrence of rain.

Characteristics.—Temminck states that the prevailing color of the wild race is white, and that in these the legs are smooth; but there are many specimens variously colored with black and brown, and some of them have feathered or booted legs.

The cock has a beak much hooked; hackle slightly tinged with yellow; comb cupped and toothed; ear-lobe white; feathers over the entire body white, and projecting from being curved back from the body, so as to give the bird an appearance of being ruffled, and of having its feathers rubbed in the wrong way; tail ample and well sickled; legs bluish; height 18 inches; weight 4½ pounds.

They are not good layers, and their eggs average little more than 2 ounces in weight. The hens are good mothers, and the chickens are hardy. Though small, they are good table fowls.—*Bement's Poulterer's Companion.*

DROUGHT IN MINNESOTA.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture*, writing at Winona, Min., Sept. 3d, says: "To-day I have been back into the country, sixteen miles. Wheat is in abundance, and is the principal crop. The drought is very severe on the rolling prairies. At one hotel, in Stoton, they are obliged to use brook water, and to draw even that five miles, for both man and beast."

A PROFITABLE GRASS FARM.

A correspondent at Palmer, says an exchange, gives us some interesting facts respecting a celebrated grass farm in Palmer, Mass., owned by B. Franklin Morgan. The farm comprises 400 acres, and is adapted to both mowing and pasturage. A meadow of fifty-five acres is represented as being unequalled in New England, or the United States. It averages nearly four tons per acre at the first crop, and produces at the second two to three tons per acre. The best of the meadow has produced five tons the first crop. The entire crop per annum is over 200 tons. The meadow is top-dressed either every year, or every other year. Our correspondent adds:

As I rode over it, it was apparent that the crop of grass now standing would yield two tons of rowen per acre, which is not to be cut, neither is it to be fed much by cattle. It is the most productive piece of land for the labor bestowed upon it, in New England.

Mr. Morgan keeps 150 head of cattle, fifteen or twenty horses, some sheep, and sells about 100 tons of hay per annum. Of his 150 head of cattle, 130 are cows, 90 of which are in milk now. He supplies the State Alms-house with milk, a very convenient market, as the grounds thereof are contiguous to his farm. His pastures are good, being a deep loam, producing, when tilled, great crops, and heavy grass when seeded down. Thus have I sketched the best grass farm, considering the area that is mowed, in the United States. Let farmers consider for a moment, that the average crop of hay in Massachusetts is less than a ton per acre, while Mr. Morgan's farm yields more than three tons per acre under its present cultivation. He occasionally turns this meadow over, manures it and re-seeds it, keeping it in grass all the time, or the principal part of it. Mr. Morgan has several farm-houses located over his farm, where his help are accommodated with homes, food and raiment."

Perversion of Agricultural Fairs.—The editor of the Illinois *Prairie Farmer*, in giving a description of some four or five country fairs which he had attended, laments that the "sports of the ring," "negro minstrels," "jewelry lotteries," "eating and *drinking* booths," are becoming the most *attractive* features of these agricultural festivals. At one fair he was told that there were twenty of these jewelry gambling establishments on and adjacent to the grounds—at least a dozen of them inside—at which the purchaser of some trifling article was entitled to a shake of loaded dice for a pin, a watch, or some other glittering but valueless bauble. These stands were crowded all day, while the various legitimate departments of the exhibition were sadly neglected. About the liquor booths there was a constant bedlam, an incessant flow of profane language, and occasionally fighting and disorder. "One valuable life," says the editor, "was sacrificed on the grounds of the Champaign county Society, the day before we were there, by a knife in the hands of an intoxicated man." We are sorry to read such accounts of farmers' exhibitions at the West, and hope that societies, both here and there, will be careful in making arrangements for future fairs to prevent the repetition or occurrence of all such disgraceful scenes. They must be prevented, or they will most assuredly prevent the attendance of farmers and their families.

ACTION OF FROST UPON SOILS.

The soluble part of the soil is the inorganic food of the plant. Rain water cannot come in contact with the soil, or even with a gravel heap, without dissolving some of it. Expose almost any stone, or handful of gravel, washed clean, to the action of a quart or so of rain water for several days, and upon evaporating the water, poured off carefully from the stones, it will be seen from the whitish residue left that a portion had been dissolved. Now let these same stones be exposed, covered or partly covered with water, in a saucer, to the action of frost, setting them out of doors for two or three snapping cold nights, taking care that they thaw by day. Pour off the water, rinsing with fresh, and evaporate as above, and it will be seen that a very much larger quantity has come into solution. The reason is, that all stones, being somewhat porous, by the action of the frost their outer portion is broken up, scaled and fissured, and a vastly greater surface is exposed to the action of the water, even though this fissuring is not visible to the eye.

Application.—When land is exposed to alternate freezing and thawing, the same effects must take place; and when it is thrown into ridges in the fall, these effects are produced more conveniently than in any other way.

Snow will lie unthawed between the ridges, ensuring a cold temperature, and the tops of the ridges will, unless the fall of snow is very heavy, be exposed to the sun, and will thaw by day. Thus a considerable portion of the soil during a great part of the winter, will be alternately frozen and thawed daily. This effect on many soils, especially those of a heavy clayey or gravelly nature, will be equal to a dressing of manure.—*Homestead.*

Advantages of Draining.—There has been a severe drought in Texas, during the past summer, and the editor of the *Working Farmer* calls the attention of cultivators to one of the advantages of draining, as follows:

We hope our Texan friends will observe post holes, and spots where deep tap roots have been taken from the soil, and see whether those spots are not less severely affected by drought than others. We have seen in a grass field during drought, green tufts existing only where an old fence had been, and the deep post holes had filled up by washings, leaving the loose earth in which the air could enter and deposit moisture; and this, too, long after the removal of the old fences.

MILK---ITS USES.

A few evenings since we heard an experienced physician assert, that "a child could be healthfully nurtured on arrow-root." This more nearly concerned his vocation than ours; we did not contradict him, but listened under the hope of being instructed by his arguments. It proved, however, that his views were entirely empirical. Upon turning to the analysis of arrow-root, we find that it contains no phosphate of lime; in examining the composition of milk, we find it does contain this necessary element, and feel inclined to agree with St. Paul, that milk for babes is a proper aliment. We should rather our friend, the Dr., prescribe for his own child than for ours; and notwithstanding the proverb that we should "love our neighbor as ourself," if we contemplated devoting a pound of arrow-root and a gallon of milk to the children of our neighborhood, we might be tempted to igore the former and use a goodly portion of the milk at home.

The bone-making principle in children, as well as in other young animals, is highly important in the earlier stages of growth. Every farmer knows this, and it is practically illustrated in sections where phosphate of lime is deficient in the soil, and therefore in the crops. We might as well attempt to build a house of flexible material, as to nurture an animal organism with substance that will not furnish the bone-making element; for not only is the rigidity of the bone consequent upon the presence of phosphates in the food, but the strength of the membranes is due in a degree to the same cause.

There can be no doubt that the sustenance furnished by the healthy mother is in a better condition for assimilation than that supplied from artificial sources; and thus for the infant the milk of the mother is more valuable than that of the cow. The phosphate of lime it contains is more progressed, and will be more thoroughly assimilated.

Our medical friend, it is to be hoped, will review his rationale as to the value of arrow-root. We believe that thousands of infants have been hurried into eternity by the use of arrow root as an aliment; and if they have escaped an early death, it has only been to wear out an unsatisfactory life for the want of the early formation of the proper organism.—*Working Farmer.*

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

No man can cultivate too earnestly a hearty love for flowers. We may not measure the value of them as we measure merchandise, for the influence flowing from them is ethereal and intangible; yet not more necessary is pure air to a healthy growth and broad development of body, than is a loving communion with these "sweetest thoughts of God," needful for all true upbuilding and expansion of the mind. The notion that it is a weak and feminine thing—a thing for women and children—to interest one's self in flowers, is utterly false. One of the most humanizing, and therefore *noblest*, things in the world, is a devout study of these beautiful works of God. There are granite peaks lifting themselves, bare and bald, with forbidding aspect, which though clothed with glandeur, are nevertheless the unloveliest objects in nature. There are other peaks which have as much of majesty, yet nestled in whose rifts, and climbing up whose sides, many-colored flowers unfold their beauty, and by their soft hues relieve the sternness of the dull, harsh rock. He is the truest man whose character thus combines strength and conciliating tenderness—whose principles are firm as mountains, yet at the same time are always adorned by the verdure of a gentle charity. From no source can man gather so many gentle thoughts and unpolluted feelings, as from intercourse with flowers. If the Infinite is ever turning from the care of circling worlds to the adornment of the violet, surely it cannot be beneath the dignity of man to follow his Maker with a reverent step, and learn the lessons which he has written for him in the humblest flower.—*W. Hoyt, in Rural New-Yorker.*

For the New England Farmer.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor:—Having noticed a request in your paper that some one would give you a short description of the several agricultural fairs as they were held, and not being aware of your having a correspondent on the Vineyard, I have concluded to send you a few items concerning the *Third Annual Meeting of the Martha's Vineyard Agricultural Association*, which was held on the 15th and 16th of the present month. This society is as yet in its infancy, consequently much could not be expected of it. The Fair was in many respects superior to either of its predecessors, yet there is much room for improvement.

On the first day the grounds were devoted to the exhibition of fat cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. The show of fat cattle was unusually good. The sheep were not numerous. Among them were two bucks which I understood were brought from China; one of them had four horns. They were covered with a coat of hair instead of wool; and in my opinion better deserved the name of goats than sheep. During the exhibition of the swine, my attention was drawn to some very fine pigs from four weeks to two months old. The show of poultry was very small.

On the morning of the second day of the Fair I was much gratified in witnessing the fine display of horses and colts. I was particularly interested in the colts, some of which in a few years bid fair to equal, if not surpass, any of the horses imported from Vermont.

In the hall I observed huge pumpkins and squashes, long ears of corn, samples of wheat, and other vegetables, which I think no society in the State would be ashamed to place upon its tables. The ladies' department was not contributed to as largely as would be desirable to have it. There were some articles, however, which reflected great credit on the skill and taste of those who manufactured them. The most attractive were several bouquets of prettily formed wax flowers, that almost equalled nature. On one of the tables, in a conspicuous position, was a very large shoe, said to be seventy-six years old, which, when placed beside one of the present day, would show not a little improvement in appearance, though perhaps the former would be the most durable. On the opposite end of the table was a brick on which was the impression of a child's

foot. This brick was recently taken from the chimney of a house built more than a century ago.

On the afternoon of the second day the people assembled in the hall above, to listen to the speeches, which were very entertaining. The President, Mr. Thaxter, of Edgartown, was prevented from being present by sickness. His place was filled by Dr. Pierce, of the same town. He congratulated the farmers on the bountiful harvest, which had been as a reward for the labors of the past season. He was followed by several other gentlemen who were, with but one exception, professional men.

Why is it that there are so few practical farmers to speak on such occasions? Is it for want of education? With the present advantages enjoyed in our common schools, the young farmers, at least, ought to be as capable of speaking upon agricultural topics as the young physicians.

North Tisbury, Oct. 19, 1860. H. G. N.

NATURAL LIFE OF THE HONEY BEE.

The majority of persons who have the care of bees, entertain the idea that the working bees live many years. Their conclusion is drawn from the fact, that colonies sometimes inhabit the same domicil a long period—fifteen or twenty years—never thinking that as fast as they die off naturally and from other causes, they are continually replaced by a new progeny. The natural life of the honey-bee worker does not exceed six months, and from recent experiments, I believe does not exceed in the summer season three months.

By the aid of the Italian or Ligurian bee, this may be easily and satisfactorily tested. On the 2d of July last, I gave to a very powerful stock of native bees a pure Italian queen. To-day, Sept. 15, this stock was examined, to ascertain what proportion of the bees were of the Italian race. The stock is in a Langstroth hive. Taking out the frames one by one, both sides of each comb were carefully inspected, and so far as I could ascertain, at least nine-tenths of the bees were purely Italian.

Also on the 17th of July I gave an Italian queen to another stock of native bees. This stock was also examined to-day in the presence of a friend, who assisted me in the examination. Examining the combs as before, we did not find in this stock *a single native bee!*

This change has taken place, as will be observed, in less than two months. Since the 17th of July, I have taken out of this colony combs of maturing Italian brood—giving them to other stocks—more than enough to make a good colony of bees. Thus it will be seen that the natural life of the honey-bee in either of these instances would scarcely exceed three months; also, that it requires only a few months to change an apiary of native bees to those of the Italian race.—M. M. BALDRIDGE, *in Country Gentleman.*

BOOK PREMIUMS.—We see it stated that the California State Agricultural Society ordered of a single publishing firm in New York, agricultural books for premiums to the amount of full two thousand dollars.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

GAS LIME.

Will you, through your columns, inform your readers of the value as a fertilizer of lime obtained from a gas manufactory; and in what manner it should be used. Is it good for trees? G. T. HAWES.

Beverly, Oct. 17, 1860.

REMARKS.—We find the following in relation to *gas lime* in the "American Muck Book:"—

Gas lime, however, in no case, if possible, should be wasted, as it would appear that it may always be safely employed with good effects under the following circumstances:—

1. It may be used directly upon mossy land, upon naked fallows, and in spring when preparing for turnips.

2. In composts, in which the whole of the soluble salts of lime will have a tendency to be converted into gypsum by the action of the air; and consequently the benefits, which result from a large application of gypsum, will be obtained by laying such composts upon the land.

3. As it appears usually to contain only a small proportion of caustic lime, it may with safety be mixed at once with barnyard or other animal manures, though not in too large quantity. It may also prove a valuable admixture with guano, on which its action would ultimately be to fix rather than expel the ammonia.

4. Strewn sparingly over the young turnip plants, it is stated that it prevents the attack of the turnip fly; and harrowed in, when the ground is naked, if the quantity be considerable, slugs and wire worms disappear from its effects.

5. If applied in too large quantity, it is liable to be injurious to crops of young grain. But grass lands, though at first browned by its application, soon recover and repay the cost by yielding a greener and an earlier bite in spring.

Gas lime, fresh from the works, it is also stated, is one of the best materials to lay under the floors of farm buildings; for it not only serves to absorb and fix the fertilizing gases in such situations, and afterwards will form a good manure, but being excluded from the air, it retains its disagreeable smell for a long time, and is much disliked by vermin and rats.

KEEPING CABBAGES THROUGH THE WINTER

Can you tell me through your paper the best way to keep cabbages sound and good until spring? I have now a good deal of trouble to keep them in a cellar, and thought you might know some better way.

North Hanson, Oct., 1860. A. E. LUTHER.

REMARKS.—They are kept well in a cool cellar, set in sand just as they stood when growing. Miner s *Rural American* says cabbages may be kept in good condition through the winter, by laying down rails or poles, or strips of boards, just far enough apart so that when the heads of cabbages are set upon them, with the roots up, they will not touch the ground. Leave the cabbages where they grew as late as possible and not freeze, and then place them upon the rails or poles as above, with roots upward, and then bank up the earth on each side about a foot deep, covering the roots about six inches deep, and in the spring the cabbages will be found as fresh and green as they were in the fall, with the exception of a few of the outside leaves being decayed.

Another plan is to dig shallow trenches in a dry place, about two feet apart, and plant the cabbages in them as close as possible. Then drive stakes or small

posts along the rows, ten or twelve feet apart, and about two feet high, upon which nail anything that will support a covering of straw or cornstalks, placed with their butts down, in the form of a roof, and thick enough to keep out the frost. Cabbages kept in this manner are said to come out in the spring in excellent condition. The first plan we have tried, and found it a good one; the other we have not tried.

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EGYPTIAN CORN.

I saw in last week's *Farmer* that Abraham B. Davis, of Palmer, had shared his profits in the culture of the Egyptian corn. When I saw Mr. Crandall's advertisement of the above mentioned corn in the *Farmer*, last spring, I enclosed one dollar to him; in return I received one hundred and forty kernels, and planted it the last of the fifth month; about one-third of it came up and shot out in tree form. It averaged about ten or twelve ears to a stalk, upon which only about three ears had corn on them, and were three to five inches long, and not filled out at the top. I had to cut up even this, to save it from the frost. I think that Mr. Crandall made a mistake in stating that there might be two crops raised in one year. Mine would have grown another year, if it had not been for a frosty winter, before the ears would have filled out.

A. S. PAYSON.

Foxborough, 10th Month 15th, 1860.

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EGYPTIAN CORN.

Noticing the advertisement of Mr. Crandall in the *Farmer*, I was induced to send for the seed, which I received. I supposed it must be something better than our common corn. I thought no man would have the audacity to recommend to the farmers of New England anything opposed to their interest through the columns of the *Farmer*. I accordingly planted my corn with much care in good soil, well manured, and took good care of it, and gathered it after the frost in October. The husk was very green when the frost came, though I think that some of the ears may be ripe enough for seed, if any one should wish to try it. I planted it about the last of May. The best of the ears are not more than five or six inches long, and very small, the larger number being entirely without corn. Now it seems to me that Mr. Crandall meant to impose upon the public by his great statements that this corn was better in quality than any other corn, and that it would produce two hundred bushels to the acre, when, according to my success, it would not yield more than twenty. PETER WAIT.

Danvers, Oct. 16, 1860.

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FENCE POSTS AND FROST.

Will you inform me through the columns of your paper, the best method for setting fence posts on frosty land, where every spring the fences are tumbling over, being hove up by the frost. R. H. DAVIS.

Essex, Sept. 20, 1860.

REMARKS.—We know of no way to prevent posts being thrown out by frost but to set them so deep that the bottom of the post shall stand on firm ground below where the frost reaches. This would require a pretty long post, but that would be cheaper than to be at the cost of building up the fence annually, and repairing the parts broken by the tumbling over of the posts.

—

DRAIN TILE.

Having been engaged more or less during the last six years in draining my land with tile, instead of the stone drain that I formerly had been very conversant with, and finding by my own experience in tile draining a great advantage and satisfaction, I have several times procured tile for my own purposes, and at the same time accommodated such of my neighbors as are draining their lands.

I have found that in draining land naturally too wet for cultivation with profit, that the increased crop of two seasons, with early potatoes and cabbage, will fully repay all the cost of draining. P. E. HALL.

Medford, Sept., 1860.

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A GOOD YIELD OF BARLEY.

On the 5th day of May last my father sowed one and a half bushels of barley, on one and one-eighth acres of land, and threshed and winnowed upon the 6th of October, sixty-five bushels of good barley.

STEPHEN E. GALE.

Canterbury, N. H., Oct. 9, 1860.

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FRITTERS.

Have you ever eaten fritters made as follows? If not, try them.

One cup of squash, boiled and strained, one cup of milk, one egg, seasoned with salt and enough flour to make a batter. METHUEN.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAF.

We men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn—as from the ant, foresight—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but conforming and concluding, the labors of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away.

Had men but guarded the righteous laws and protected the precious works of their fathers with half the industry they have given to change and to ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; they shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life. One more we may receive from its death. If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys—the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

TOP-DRESSING.—A correspondent of the *Farmer and Gardener* contends that the beneficial effects of top-dressing applied in the fall are owing to its action as a mulch, rather than as a manure —that it *protects* rather than *enriches.*

For the New England Farmer.

POTATO BLIGHT AND ROT IS CAUSED BY INSECTS.

MR. EDITOR:—In your papers of July 14th and September 29th, I find, in each, a communication from Mr. John Goldsbury, of Warwick, answering mine published in June, (dated the 5th,) on this subject. I read the one of July 14 the 13th inst., being the day which that paper reached me. I now answer both of his communications, and would have done so separately, but from the fact of not duly receiving the first paper. Mr. Goldsbury expresses "profound surprise," because I have "not given a logical answer to his seven reasons," against the depredation of insects, as the cause of potato blight and rot. He thinks his "reasons are impregnable and unanswerable,"—that my reply, supported by certificates from seventeen members of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute and Secretary Flint, is "no attempt, as yet," at an answer or refutation of his logical assertions. He says I "deceived" those "gifted minds"—made them "jump at the conclusion" that insects cause the blight and rot. He does not deny that "they actually saw the insects," but declares that "such assertions prove nothing." He assumes a hypothesis which *is positively untrue.* It is this: that the "insects were on rotten potatoes." This statement by him I *positively deny.* What are the facts? Two hills of potato vines, old tubers and earth connected, and in a growing state, were taken from the field directly to the committee room in the Capitol. The earth was removed from the vines and tubers, by the committee. The old tubers were hard and *undecayed,* sending forth strong, vigorous vines. These are what Mr. Goldsbury calls "dead or decayed vegetables." Upon the lower *under-ground joints and roots* myriads of living *larva insects* were seen, sucking the sap, leaving, wherever congregated, a brown rusty diseased appearance. The committee also examined the same kind of potatoes, *undecayed in glass jars,* showing vigorous growing sprouts. These specimens were firm, still the committee, and others, saw innumerable microscopic insects crowded together subsisting on the sap, and leaving the same brown poison appearance on the surface, which connects with the sap or vital element; thus the disease is infused into the growing tubers. These seventeen members witnessed these ocular facts, and from them made up their minds deliberately. The conclusion "jumped at" by them, was not from any "forestalled assertion" made by me. The committee voluntarily invited such of their colleagues as they thought possessed scientific attainments and agricultural knowledge, to aid them in their investigation and decision, and they have unitedly given their judgment to the world. More than *five hundred* other persons, including those of scientific skill and agricultural experience, have also, as secondary witnessess, *examined these facts,* and not one has questioned the decision of the committee, but the correctness of their judgment is frankly admitted by all. Mr. Goldsbury alone questions their decision. He declares these developments of *facts,* and certificates of their reality, "no attempt as yet" to refute his "seven reasons." I ask your readers to form a judgement for themselves, candidly, whether *my facts,* thus revealed, and attested to by high authority, are not a perfect and unanswerable refutation of his "seven reasons." He wants what he calls "logical answers." His "reasons" are nothing but theories logically supported. I produce *facts,* the *living enemy* at their work of *destruction,* as a reply to his reasons, and ask him to refute these *facts.* They over-balance and set aside all *theory,* and all "logic." A few days since cattle were in my corn-field. I saw them. There is no "logic" in the power of man that could then have convinced me that cattle were not there. Their presence was an unanswerable demonstration that my crop would be destroyed, if they remained.

These visible enemies were cleared from the field, and my crop was saved from destruction. This statement is only such a fact as Mr. Goldsbury or others often experience. I have found also by microscopic research, microscopic insects under ground on my potato vines and their roots. They are very small but very numerous, and by repeated experiments and agricultural tests, year after year, I have proved the fact, that they actually poison and destroy, prematurely, my potato vines and their tubers. In the prosecution of these experiments, I have discovered how to annihilate these little enemies, and when cleared from the seed in which their embryo is hibernated, the vines continue to grow vigorously and very healthy, yielding abundantly, while others under ordinary culture *prematurely* decay and rot. Mr. Goldsbury has in his possession certificates of these facts, and he cannot refute them. Facts based upon agricultural tests showing demonstrations that no "logic" can set aside.

The Smithsonian Institute, and C. L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of Mass. Board of Agriculture, have also given certificates. I will briefly state the facts relative to these examinations. The Smithsonian Institute examined the same undecayed potatoes examined by the seventeen members of Congress, and they not only found insects, but the eggs of these microscopic insects imbedded in the perforations and cavities of the epidermis of these undecayed tubers. Mr. Flint, of Boston, states particularly what he examined, and what he saw. He had charge of the potato, and kept it as described. The microscopic examination was in June, then the potato had vigorous sprouts.—Among those present was the late Hon. B. V. French. He declared the "potato sound, suitable to plant, or cook." There were four persons present, to hear this assertion: Mr. Brooks, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Flint, and my son. Mr. Goldsbury can consult them, if he doubts the assertion of Mr. French. Furthermore, the Patent Office have made a most rigid examination, not only as to the cause of this disease, but relative to the specifications for a remedy. In the first reply the Office made, answering my petition, it was intended to place before me unanswerable objections to granting the patent. The Hon. J. Holt, then Commissioner of Patents, made six objections, declared in the following words, viz:

1st. "Your specifications contain much irrelevant matter."

2d. "The perfect insects, sent by you, are not Aphides."

3d. "It is proved, beyond all doubt, that neither the Aphis, nor any other insect, is the cause of the potato disease."

4th. "The dots pointed out by you, on the specimen potato sent, are not perforations caused by the puncture of insects, but belong to the structure of the tuber."

5th. "That eggs do not exist where you assert them to be."

6th. "That a method of cure operating upon a non-existing disease must be a fallacy."

It is unnecessary to give here particulars of this long examination at the Patent Office. It must be, however, understood by the reader, that, according to the rules of the Office, no patent can be granted unless *all* the various objections cited by the Commissioner are refuted, either by established authority, or ocular demonstrations convincing to the Commissioner of Patents. It is sufficient in this case for Mr. Goldsbury to know, that, a careful and rigid investigation was made by Commissioner Holt, aided by the ablest scientific examiners in Washington; by the Judges of Appeals and their own selected witnesses, all with a view to refute authorities and facts, which I placed before them at the several examinations. Their attempt failed. They could not sustain even a single one of their own objections. All were refuted; and the Commissioner acknowledged to me personally, at the last examination, that "the proof was clear in my favor, that the Judges of Appeals did not sustain the objections of the Office, therefore, my patent was granted." Can Mr. Goldsbury, by "logic," annul this high official decision? Can he make you and your readers believe that seventeen members of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, the Commissioner of Patents and his scientific examiners, the Judges of Appeals, with their witnesses, and Secretary Flint, have *all* been "deceived" by me, and by "forestalled assertion" all "jumped at a conclusion?" Does he really believe in such a wholesale "deception," and that I have not refuted the arguments of these high functionaries selected to examine all *new discoveries?* I ask him to furnish his proof about "deception?" There is abundant authority and facts to settle conclusively that some insects leave a poison at the fountain of their nourishment. This particular subject it is unnecessary here to discuss. The discovery which I have made is *new* to Mr. Goldsbury, as also to others. It is truly as he says, a "new and strange economy of vegetable and insect life" which I have microscopically discovered. These new and strange facts are the "ocular demonstrations," which Mr. Goldsbury will not believe. He is skeptical, and denies the attestations of the committee of the U. S. House of Representatives, "that new and important discoveries have been made by me." He says if I would not talk so much about "ocular demonstrations, and direct my attention to the cause of the rot," I should be "sure of his respect and make some converts."

I can assure Mr. Goldsbury that I have been "directing my attention" each summer for nine years to the investigation of the cause of the potato blight and rot. By microscopic research I have revealed, from spots, all opaque to him, "ocular demonstrations" which his "logic" cannot refute. It is the "ocular" *facts*, I presume, which annoy him so much. They are more reliable than any man's "logic." And what the public want is facts. They have had enough of theories and "logic" on this subject. Mr. Goldsbury has declared that there are "seventeen Yankee farmers" whose judgment is more reliable than the "seventeen members of Congress."

I have heretofore asked him to furnish the names and publish their investigations of this subject? This he fails to do. I have also asked him to give the authority and evidence, "that insects are the consequence of disease?" This he also fails to do. The insects in Mr. Flint's bottle and on other specimens, were not the "consequence" of disease, of "decay," or of "rot!" Now, I ask Mr. Goldsbury where the insects came from, which Secretary Flint saw on that *undecayed* potato taken from the corked bottle in his possession? LYMAN REED.

Baltimore, Oct. 15, 1860.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S MODE OF PRESERVING CIDER.

At this season of the year, when so many people are making or laying away cider for future use, they will be looking for some mode of preserving it in a sweet or mild form. So here is Prof. Horsford's, which has been tried and found effective:

When the cider in the barrel is undergoing a lively fermentation, add as much white sugar as will be equal to half or three-quarters of a pound to each gallon of cider, and let the fermentation proceed until the liquid attains the right taste to suit; then add an eighth to a quarter of an ounce of sulphite (*not* sulphate) of lime to each gallon of cider in the cask; first mixing the powder in about a quart of the cider, and then pouring it back into the cask, and giving it a thorough shaking or rolling. After standing bunged up a few days, for the matter added to become incorporated with the cider, it may be bottled or used from the cask.

Don't mistake sulphate of lime, which is a natural production, and known as plaster of Paris, for sulphite of lime, which is a manufactured article, and is worth by the barrel about 33 cents a pound and by the cwt. 37½ cents, and by the single pound, 50 cents. It has been of late years much used by sugar-makers to prevent fermentation of cane juice; and in our opinion it will be found more effective as a preventive of fermentation in cider than an arrester of it after it has proceeded nearly to completion.

FENCES IN OHIO.—Acres of enclosed land in Ohio, 18,000,000; one mile of fence to each 40 acres, 450,000 miles; cost 80 cents per rod, or $256 per mile, is $115,200,000; yearly expenses equal to renewal every fifteen years, $7,680,000.

Suppose our farmers should adopt the soiling system more generally, the saving in expense of fences would enable them to perform the good-natured act of paying the interest on the national debt of Great Britain, by merely leaving out their division fences. Ohio is not alone in this matter; it is one of the silly heirlooms entailed upon us by our forefathers, who required some easy mode of getting rid of excess wood; we keep up the fashion without the slightest excuse for so doing. —*Working Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

APPLES, PEARS AND GRAPES.

MR. EDITOR:—I have forwarded to you nine specimens of apples, seven of which were originated here on the Shaker premises in Canterbury. The most of them we have been growing for several years, and think them worthy of more public notice. They are packed in the box, each variety by itself, with a card and number to correspond with the following:

No. 1. *President.* Late Fall.
No. 2. *Banian.* Very handsome. Will keep till March.
No. 3. *Autumn Beauty.* Till December.
No. 4. *Manzane.*
No. 5. *September Sweeting.* Very fine.
No. 6. *Fall Sweet.*
No. 7. *Winter.* No name.
No. 8. *Winter.* No name.
No. 9. *Redcheek.* Midwinter.
No. 10. *Pear.* Wish to know its name.
No. 11. *Northern Muscadine Grape.*

The scions of the President apple I received from John P. White, of Pelham, Mass. The original tree grew in his pasture. We have grown the apple here some ten years, and find it a very desirable fruit in its season, which is about December.

The Manzane we received from New York State with that name attached to the scions. If you are acquainted with the apple, please inform me whether or not that is the name it bears, as I cannot find it in any of the fruit books.

I also wish to know the name of the two pears.

The grape is the Northern Muscadine, a perfectly hardy grape for our northern climate, needing no protection during our severe winters. Ripens about the middle of September. The only objection which I have to it, is its property of falling off from the cluster after having been kept a few days, as you will see by the specimens sent you. They have been kept about two weeks.

The Redcheek, No. 9, is an admirable winter fruit, possessing a favor equalled by few apples. It is matured at about midwinter. For dessert and pies, it is particularly esteemed. The other winter varieties will show for themselves, if kept till matured. I have kept the Banian, No. 2, till March.

I should like to see an engraving of the President, with its description, in your valuable *Farmer*.

The specimens of the Autumn Beauty and Fall Sweets are not so nice as I should have been glad to send you. In consequence of a powerful wind they all dropped from the trees, and were more or less injured. If you consider any of them worth circulating, please inform me.

Can you, or any of the readers of the *Farmer*, inform me where I can obtain a correct process of making good grape wine.

I should like to know how the "Shaker grafting cement," which I sent on trial last year, proved among the grafters.

PETER A. FOSTER.

Shaker Village, Mer. Co., N. H., Oct., 1860.

REMARKS.—The "box and its contents" were duly received, and contents tested. Some of the apples were very handsome, such as the President and Banian. The September Sweeting was very fine, juicy, fine fleshed, and good flavored. The Redcheeks were also fine looking. We cannot decide upon the name of the pears—one of them strongly resembles the Flemish Beauty, and may be that variety somewhat affected by soil and climate. The grafting wax worked admirably.

REMEDY FOR CHOKED CATTLE.

We have been requested to republish the following remedy for choked cattle. It appeared in the *Farmer*, for March, 1853.

Fig. 1. Cattle Probang.

We were not aware, until quite recently, that there is an annual loss by the choking of cattle which amounts to a very serious item in the commonwealth. On mentioning the subject lately, a gentleman informed us of several instances of quite recent occurrence, some of which proved fatal.

Having a cow in the habit of getting choked, we found it necessary to find some ready way of relieving her, or else to see her die. The plan described below is easy and sure. At any rate, we have known a woman "unchoke a cow," repeatedly, alone, with these implements.

Take a round stick, fifteen inches long, and two or two and a half inches in diameter, and bore an inch hole through the centre, as shown in Fig. 2 at *b*; take a common broom handle and pass its upper end through the hole at *b*, in the stick, Fig. 2, and draw it along to the lower end, at letter *a*. The end of the stick at *a*, must be wound with cotton cloth to make a bunch about two and a half inches through, and the cloth nailed on so as to prevent all possibility of its slipping off,—then cover the cloth with lard, so as to make it slip easy. Now place the stick, Fig. 2, across the cow's mouth, and fasten it with strings or straps about the roots of the horns, then gently press the stick, or probang, down the throat, and the work is done!

Fig. 2.

These articles may be fitted ready for use in half an hour, and should always be in readiness. After having them by us for several years, we find that the practice is an old English one, and the same operation is described in some of the English books.

BAKED APPLES.

A homely subject enough, many will say; but an important one, nevertheless, in the edible world, and its virtuous tendencies will be evident enough before we get through with it. We are disposed to no glowing eulogy on apples, either raw, roast, baked, stewed, fried, puddinged, or preserved. We propose to speak simply what we know, what we have already lived on for weeks past, and what we in all honesty recommend to every good house-keeper—most emphatically to those having families of children.

A sweet apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples, *raw*, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, and poultry. *Cooked* sweet apples will "fat" children, and make grown people *fleshy*—"fat" not being a polite word, as applied to grown persons. Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," we are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution," in their season. Everybody, from the toddling baby holding up by his father's knee—children are decidedly a household commodity—away back to "our reverend grandmother" in her rocking-chair, loves them. No sweet-meat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionery is half so simple as the soft, pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple, of the right kind. It is good in milk, with bread. It is good on your plate, with breakfast, dinner, or supper—we don't "take tea" at our house. It is good every way—"vehemently good"—as an enthusiastic friend of ours once said of tomatoes.

Now, for the kind of apple to bake, and the choice of them in this, in the midst of the apple season. Apples have two qualities, one for eating raw, out of the hand; another for cooking, or cider purposes. We cannot go into the explanation of all these things at this time, but will recur to it hereafter. Some varieties combine the perfection of the two qualities—those of eating raw and cooking. Others are good for nothing until cooked, or their juice expressed into cider. The latter we let alone, for the present. We do not even propose to describe the qualities of the best apple to bake, only that they be sweet and rich. We will name a few kinds, and the seasons in in which they are in perfection. They are all to be found in market in their various times of eating or cooking. Some are already past the season; but more and better ones are coming in for this and the two coming months. We will, however, mention all that occur to us, past, present, and to come, that those of our readers who intend planting may profit, if possible, by our suggestions. First, in season, we name the Bough—early Sweet Bough some call it. It is among the earliest—being ripe in August—as it surely is the best of its season, large, fair, and yellow, with a slight blush on the side. We cannot describe it at length, now. It grows freely throughout most of the northern and middle States. Next in season is the Golden Sweeting—a good sized, yellow, fair fruit, with a long stem and slightly oval shape. It is equal in flavor to the Bough, and slightly richer. It ripens early in September, when the Bough is done, and remains near, or quite, a month in season. It is a thrifty, harder grower, and holds a wide range of climate and soil as its *habitat*. Soon after this comes the Jersey Sweeting—a large, red, fair apple, with drier flesh than the last, but a good baking fruit. Succeeding this comes the Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet, or Pound Sweet—very large, whitish-green in color, and plashed with still lighter stripes from the stem downward. Not so delicate in flavor as the first named, but excellent when ripe. Still better than either of those we have named is the English Belle-bonne—large, yellowish green, and intensely sweet. It is the best baking apple we know; ripens in October, and will keep well cared for, until January. No sweetmeat is richer than this. We have known good molasses made from it, and it is good eaten from the hand, or made into apple-sauce, for which purpose no apple is scarcely so good. It is not a common fruit. We first saw it in New England. We have it in an orchard, and would rather spare any variety we have than this. Next to this is the Talman Sweeting—a medium sized, whitish, round, winter apple. Its best qualities are not developed until cooked, when it becomes a perfect sweetmeat. It will keep into May, properly put up.

These six are the best varieties of several baking apples, which now occur to us. There are, however, various local varieties of good sweet apples, which are grown in different parts of the country, perhaps equally or nearly as good as those—indeed, we know some such. But as we did not intend writing up *any* particular variety of apple for baking or cooking, when we commenced, we are content with recommending the use of the sweet apple in general, as a decidedly valuable article of household economy, and leave it at that.

Tart or sub-acid apples are preferred by some for baking, but they are not so generally liked as the sweet, nor are they so nutritious. But we must stop, or we shall wander far into the details of pomology.—*N. Y. World.*

RATS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* says: "I tried the effect of introducing into the entrance of their numerous holes, runs, or hiding-places, small portions of chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, wrapped in calico and stuffed into the entrance holes, and thrown loose by spoonfuls into the drain from the house. This drove the rats away for a twelvemonth, when they returned to it. They were treated in the same manner, with like effect. The cure was most complete. I presume it was the chlorine gas, which did not agree with their olfactories."

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—It is said by somebody, who pretends to know all about it, that the following is a sure remedy for a felon:

"Take a pint of common soft soap and stir in air slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and a cure is certain."

We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy and recommend it to any one who may be troubled with that disagreeable ailment.—*Buffalo Advocate.*

For the New England Farmer.

IMPORTANCE OF THE WHEAT CROP.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been my pleasure, the past week, to receive a superior specimen of White Flint Winter Wheat from my esteemed friend, James F. B. Marshall, Esq., from his farm in Westboro', Mass. At my suggestion, he says, he was induced to try the experiment which has resulted in giving him thirty bushels per acre. The size and plumpness of the berry indicate a weight of 63 to 65 lbs. to the bushel. Here is the value of seven barrels of flour to the acre, while the straw for the farm or the markets in that locality, will nearly pay for the labor. Such an example should be followed by every farmer in this neighborhood and surrounding towns.

I am more than hopeful of every farmer of New England in relation to this matter of raising his bread. He neglects no other crop, and surely no crop is so indispensable to his household comforts as this.

I notice in your issue of Saturday last, "A sensible movement of the Worcester South Society,"—the first question being, "Can the raising of wheat be made the most profitable crop of the small grains?" This question would seem to be affirmatively answered by the foregoing statement of my worthy friend from Westboro'. His statement falls somewhat below some others that you have published the past season, but it is fair to estimate it at two dollars a bushel when the price of the best flour is eight to nine dollars per barrel, and seldom below this figure. While this would seem to answer the question, as being *far the most* "profitable crop of the small grains," (probably nearly double of any other,) yet it is the imperative duty of the farmer to raise his rye, barley and oats for the general wants of his farm. Let us suppose the product and value of an acre—

30 bushels	wheat, at $2	$60,00
30 "	rye, at $1,25	37,50
50 "	oats, at 50c	25,00
40 "	barley, at 80c	32,00

Now, this tabular statement is much in favor of wheat. The rye and oat crop is pretty largely represented, but it may be a fair showing, relatively—cost of producing, the same.

Mr. Editor, you may recollect ten years ago, and since, I was urgent in advocating and recommending that Massachusetts and the other New England States should offer a special bounty on wheat-growing, showing by statistics at that time that your State alone imported about twelve millions of dollars of bread-stuffs. These figures look immense, but they are, nevertheless, true! With the few past years of development and encouragement to the farmer, if aided by a State bounty of a few cents on a bushel, for a term of three to five years, would it not be an additional stimulus? It would add millions of revenue to your State. It would add value to your now worthless, unproductive acres. It would keep your valuable, solid young men with their families, at home, who seek (to be disappointed,) a more prolific soil in the West. There the church, the school-house, the farmer's club, the social gatherings, the rollicking sports of the young—all disappear by reason of loneliness, far-off neighbors, compelling every sacrifice, better known to those who have exchanged them, for a happy New England home!

Wheat and corn are nearly all the marketable products of the West, if, perchance, the season is favorable to make them. At your own New England home you can raise your wheat and corn, and every pound of hay, every pint of milk, every chestnut, apple, pear, onion, cucumber, cabbage-head—nay, all of mother earth's productions, have value and a ready home market. Then encourage the avenues to agriculture. If it is *bread*, and a small State bounty required to make it, then by all means propose it—for all the *outs*, the *ins* will be returned a thousand fold to your State.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 22, 1860. H. POOR.

TEXAS.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* declares that Texas is not an agricultural State. He says:

"Ten years' wandering through almost every part of Texas, with some little experience in stock raising, gives me reasonable grounds for venturing an opinion on her capacities and resources. Along the Gulf coast, and in the bottoms of the lower Brazos, Red and such large streams, crops are generally sure; elsewhere, Texas has not one single element of an agricultural country. Farmers, with all their labor, are never sure of raising corn and breadstuffs for the support of their families; and in my short experience I have known several seasons when the people through the greater portion of the country have subsisted almost entirely upon meat.

Texas is, however, a stock country, and in the western part of the State, pre-eminently so. There the Mozquit grass, which stands the frosts of winter and long resists the droughts of summer, covers immense tracts of country, and cattle range, multiply and keep fat through all the vicissitudes of climate.

Sheep-raising is yet in its infancy; it is an experiment in which more persons have failed than succeeded. But a very small portion of the country is suitable for sheep, and some species of the Mozquit grass have their seed armed with needle-like and barbed spires, which torment and even kill the sheep, and render their wool unprofitable."

To succeed as a cattle raiser, the emigrant needs from six to ten thousand dollars, otherwise he must go to the extreme frontier, and shift his stock from place to place, as settlements crowd upon him. He has to depend for protection against the Indians upon his rifle and revolver, and leads a life of constant danger and hardship, without neighbors, and debarred the necessaries and comforts enjoyed by the negro on one of our poorest Southern plantations.

ENGLISH HORSES.—A writer in the *London Review* complains that the noble breed of useful English horses is becoming ruined. He says:

Our country, once famed for the best breed of saddle-horses in the world, is becoming overrun with a lot of worthless, weedy, refuse racing stock, which by many inexperienced farmers and breeders, are gradually being crossed with, and thus deteriorating the breed of our short-legged, deep-

bodied, wide-hipped, strong loined saddle-horses, the lineage of which, in a few instances, we can still trace, by their compact forms, to the breed of race horses encouraged by our forefathers, who bred horses for *useful* purposes, to carry *men* long distances, and not the spindle-shanked velocipedes bred by our turfmen of the present day, that break down after running a few furlongs with a baby on their backs.

ECONOMY IN FEEDING STOCK.

In some parts of New England, the hay crop, this year, is very light, and in many sections it falls considerably short of an average yield. In portions of Western Vermont it is almost a failure. A gentleman whose farm lies on the shore of Lake Champlain informed us recently, that on the same land which last year produced one hundred and twenty tons, he cuts this year only twenty tons; and that in his immediate neighborhood, many fields were not mowed at all, as it would not pay to swing a scythe over them.

These facts naturally suggest to every farmer, the importance of economy in spending his hay. But even where there is a full crop, our long winters and the severe cold of our climate make the question of economy in feeding stock one of great interest to the farmers of New England. Even in old England, where the winters are far more mild, this subject is much discussed and much experimented upon. Scientific men, like Mr. Horsfall, Dr. Anderson, and others, have instituted the most thorough experiments in compounding the various materials of food, while practical feeders are fully alive to the necessity of using every means to economize that part of their crops which is consumed on their farms.

We believe that American farmers have rather neglected this branch of farm economy. They have in many ways endeavored to increase the production of their fields; have taken advantage of various appliances to diminish the cost of production, by the use of machinery and better constructed implements; have made trial of artificial manures, new crops, and new processes of cultivation; have been careful in harvesting their crops—scolding Billy or Georgy roundly if a few thin scatterings from a huge load of hay have been left upon the ground. But after the barns are filled, and the inclemency of the weather has driven the cattle to the shelter of the stables, with a sharp appetite for the winter's store, it would seem that the great majority of our farmers are too indifferent to the importance of economy in feeding out so large a portion of the whole production of their farms as is required to sustain their animals during the long period of frost and snow, which makes up our New England winters.

In our monthly for January, we published some suggestions by Mr. H. Lincoln, of Lancaster, for a plan of warming stables, and of steaming or cooking in some way the food for the cattle, based on the success which some English feeders claim for their experiments in those particulars, by which stables are kept at a temperature of 60°, and the cattle are fed with warm and palatable messes.

But remembering the adage, that "we must creep before we go," we think it will be well for most of us, in this country, to begin by battening our stables, and perhaps where the soil is sufficiently dry and warm, by lowering the lodging-rooms of our cattle a little below the surface of the ground, so that when we do conclude to erect furnaces and cooking apparatuses in the basement of our barns, the change to which our stock will be subjected may be less than it must be now, when a loosely boarded stable admits, by broad cracks from beneath, as well as from the sides and ends, the "bracing" cold of our frequent zero-mornings, and the chilling dampness of our protracted north-east storms.

A constant improvement is going on in New England in respect to the shelter of stock. A New Hampshire farmer recently stated that he could remember when there were but two or three barns in his town, which had "great doors." The drive-way to the floor was guarded by poles or boards a few feet high, allowing the snow to drift in, by cart-loads, and making the temperature the same in the barn as out of doors; hence the saying, "as cold as a barn." Now, he continues, "our farmers use only well seasoned and matched boards, or they double board or batten; and they would almost as soon erect a new house without a cellar, as to build a new barn without one."

Some experiments in feeding hogs, reported by a correspondent of the Ohio *Farmer*, show a surprising difference in their gain in warm and cold weather. In the latter part of October, 100 hogs averaging 200 pounds each, were fed in covered pens all they could eat of corn and cobs ground together, steamed, and given in allowances five times a day, In a week they were weighed, when, reckoning 70 pounds of corn and cob as equal to a bushel of corn, and pork at four cents a pound, the hogs paid 80 cents a bushel for the corn. The same experiment was continued. The first week in November, the weather being colder, the hogs paid 62 cents a bushel. The third week the corn brought only 40 cents, and the fourth week it brought only 26 cents, the weather continuing to grow colder. Another lot was fed through December, which gave only 26 cents a bushel for the corn. A part of the time the temperature was at zero, and then the hogs only gained enough to pay *five* cents a bushel for the corn.

In respect to the economy of warmth in the

feeding of sheep, we find the following experiments reported by English farmers.

One hundred sheep were placed in a shed, and ate 20 pounds of Swedish turnips each, per day; while another hundred, in the open air, ate 25 pounds each, and at the end of a certain period, the former animals gained each 30 pounds more than the latter; plainly showing that to a certain extent, *warmth is a substitute for food.*

Five sheep were feed in the open air, between the 21st of November and the 1st day of December. They consumed 90 pounds of food per day; at the end of this time, they weighed two pounds less than when first exposed.

Five sheep were placed under shelter at a temperature of 49°; consumed at first 82 pounds, then 70 pounds per day, and increased in weight 23 pounds.

A similiar experiment was made by another distinguished farmer in the same country. He placed 80 Leicester sheep in an open field; they consumed 50 baskets of cut turnips per day, besides oil cake. On putting them into a shed, they were immediately able to consume only 30 baskets, and soon after but 25, being only one-half the quantity required before; and yet they fattened as rapidly as when eating the largest quantity.

Every farmer expects that his cattle will have keen appetites in cold weather, but few probably know exactly how much more fodder they consume with the mercury at zero, than when it stands at some sixty degrees above that point. We therefore invite practical farmers to write out for our columns their opinions and experiments on the effect of temperature in feeding stock, and other topics relating to this important subject.

DRAIN TILE---NEW STYLE OF.

There is now on exhibition at our office a new kind of drain tile, made by mixing Rosendale cement with sand, in sufficient quantities to leave it porous for the admission of water; and we are surprised to find this tile so very strong, containing so large a proportion of sand. The discoverer of this process has patented it, and will be prepared at an early date to supply orders. Of course, tile made in this way requires no baking, and as Rosendale cement is now sold at $1 10 per barrel, capable of tempering eleven barrels of material for tile making, the tile is very cheap. In a few days after being made, it becomes extremely hard, and the longer it remains in the soil, the stronger it will be. When both ends are stopped, and it has been immersed in a pail of water, it fills itself in a few seconds. This promises to be a great improvement in districts where a suitable kind of clay for tile making, or the necessary fuel, cannot readily be procured.—*Working Farmer.*

Subsoiling vs. Drought.—We have had an opportunity during the late season, of observing the benefits of subsoiling on corn crops. The drought has been very severe, and subsoiled fields can be picked out as far as they can be seen, exhibiting corn in full vigor; while on shallow-plowed land the crops were scarcely worth the care necessary to maintain them. Where a lifting subsoil plow of the smaller size has been used in place of the hand hoe, and in place of the small mould-board plow, in the cultivation of corn, the crop has been saved, even where drought most prevailed. How long will it take our farmers to learn that subsoiled land never suffers from drought?—*Working Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

THE BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND---No. 5.

BUZZARDS.

Red-tailed Buzzard—Common Buzzard—Rough-legged Buzzard—Black Buzzard—Red-shouldered Buzzard—Winter Buzzard—Marsh Hawk, or Harrier.

The fifth and last sub-family of the *Falconidæ*, the Buzzards, (*Buteoninæ*, or *Circinæ* of some authors,) embraces those birds of the Falcon tribe characterized by their slothful and inactive habits, comparatively weak bills, feet and claws, a softer and more downy plumage, and a rather heavier form than most others of this extensive family. Their flight is graceful and protracted, generally performed in sweeping circles; and several of the species delight in soaring to immense heights, apparently enjoying the coolness of the upper atmosphere, yet will remain perched for hours, in idleness, until forced to exertion by the calls of hunger. They breed in trees, generally in the interior of forests, many of the species retiring to high northern latitudes during the period of incubation. Their chief subsistence consists of such humble prey as small or wounded birds, the smaller mammalia and reptiles, and when forced by hunger, sometimes prey upon the poultry in winter and early spring; but from the multitudes of *Arvicolæ*, or field-mice, they destroy, are rather beneficial to the farmer than otherwise. The Buzzards are allied in form to the Eagles on the one hand, and on the other approach the Owls in some of their characteristics. All undergo great changes of plumage, and one or two species are somewhat nocturnal. The New England genera that we shall recognize are *Buteo* and *Circus*.

The Red-tailed Buzzard, (*Buteo borealis*, Swain,) a species peculiar to America, inhabits the United States from Canada to Florida and Mexico, and far to the westward, and is even found as far north as the 58th degree of latitude. It frequently breeds in the forests of New England, but is said to be more abundant in the Southern States, great numbers retiring from the higher latitudes at the approach of winter to these milder regions. From its occasional depredations upon the poultry in winter and early spring, when its more common diet of birds, rabbits, squirrels, meadow mice and reptiles, is not easily obtained, it is generally well known as the *Hen Hawk*, *Red-tailed Hawk*, &c. It is one of the most active of the Buzzards, being somewhat allied to the true Hawks and Falcons, and seems to delight in soaring in the higher regions of the air in fine weather, rising until it is lost to view amid the fleecy clouds, or clear blue of the sky;

while from this altitude its clear, shrill, and well-known cry of *kae, kae*, prolonged, and but little varied, is distinctly heard. In Louisiana it is said to build its nest early in February, but in New England it is not commenced till near the first of May, at which time it retires to the dense forests, selecting one of the tallest trees for the receptacle of its nest, which is large, and placed as near the top as convenient, composed of coarse sticks and twigs, and lined with finer materials. The eggs, four in number, are dull white, thinly marked with brown.

Length of this specie, twenty to twenty-two inches; breadth of wing, three feet, nine inches; above, dusky brown; beneath, brownish-white, streaked with dark brown; tail, ferruginous in the adult birds.

The COMMON BUZZARD, or SHORT-WINGED BUZZARD, (*Buteo vulgaris*, Bechst.,) inhabiting the northern parts of the continent and the Rocky Mountains, is met with in New England, but more commonly at the approach of winter. In Europe it is described as a common and well-known bird. Its disposition is sluggish, contenting itself with the most ignoble game, and rarely exhibiting courage enough to attack the domestic fowls. At times it delights to soar at great altitudes, but generally remains perched near meadows and swamps, where it indolently watches for the appearance of frogs, mice, and other small animals. It is of about the size of the preceding species. It breeds in trees, commonly in the higher latitudes, laying five greenish-white eggs, blotched with brown.

The ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD (*Buteo lagopus*, Bechst.,) is also a European species as well as American, but here appears to be more common in the northern parts of the continent than elsewhere. It visits the United States in winter, but at the approach of spring again returns to more boreal latitudes, where it has been found to breed. "This handsome species," observes Wilson, "notwithstanding its formidable size and appearance, spends the chief part of the winter among our low swamps and meadows watching for mice, frogs, lame ducks and other inglorious game. Twenty or thirty individuals of this family have regularly taken up their winter quarters for several years past—and probably long anterior to that date—in the meadows below this city, (Philadelphia,) between the rivers Delaware and Schulykill, where they spend their time watching along the dry banks like cats; or sailing low and slowly over the surface of the ditches."

The rough-legged buzzard is twenty-two inches in length and fifty in alar expanse. Color above, chocolate brown edged with ferrugineous, beneath ocheraceous streaked with dusky; bill uncommonly small, suited to the humility of its prey."

The BLACK BUZZARD, (*Buteo Sancti Johannis*, Bonap.,) is a rare species, said to be remarkably shy and wary, and described as partial to the vicinity of the larger rivers, swamps and marshes generally, where its favorite food of mice, frogs and moles is observed to abound. It spends the summer far to the North, breeding in Newfoundland, Labrador and around Hudson's Bay, visiting the United States in winter, but is rarely seen here in summer. Its flight is easy and sailing, occasionally swift, and apparently performed with but little exertion. The length of this species is twenty-one inches, breadth of wing fifty; general color quite black, with slight touches of brownish. This species has been described by some writers as the young of the preceding (*Buteo lagopus*,) but is now generally considered as distinct.

The RED-SHOULDERED BUZZARD, (*Buteo lineatus*, Jardine,) is dispersed over the greater part of the United States, though according to Audubon, rarely observed in the middle districts, and is generally considered to be a quite rare species. In summer it is confined chiefly to the woods, breeding in the tallest trees, constructing a large nest, somewhat resembling that of the common Crow, near the extremity of a large branch, and laying four or five bluish white eggs, faintly marked at the smaller end with brownish red. It is said to prey much upon squirrels, silently watching for them in an erect posture, and killing them instantly as it pounces upon them; but larks and small water-birds constitute an important part of its food. It is described as one of the noisiest birds of its tribe, frequently uttering its shrill, discordant *ka-hee ka-hee*, especially in spring, and delighting to soar in swift gyrations at great elevations. This species, in connection with the following, has been a source of perplexity to naturalists, it being often described as the *Red-Shouldered* or *Winter Hawk*, and in the account is blended together the history of both, and it is now hardly decided whether one or two species really exist under this cognomen, though there seems to be sufficient reason for regarding the *Red-Shouldered Buzzard* and the *Winter Buzzard* as two distinct species. Indeed, they were so described by Wilson and Audubon, though Bonaparte and others have regarded them as the same bird in different states of plumage. The species described as

The WINTER HAWK, (*Astur? hyemalis* of Jardine, *Falco hyemalis* of Wilson and Audubon) seems to be a migratory species coming to us from the north at the approach of winter, being quite common in that season, even in those regions that the Red-shouldered Hawk is seldom observed to frequent. Wilson describes it as a dextrous frog-catcher, these reptiles constituting its chief food, and speaks of extracting from the craw of a single individual, "the broken fragments and whole carcases of ten frogs of different dimensions," and Audubon mentions frog-catching as a characteristic of this species. Its cry, resembling the syllables *kay-o*, is clear and prolonged, but is not often uttered. These birds are about the size of the Red-tailed Buzzard, the Red-shouldered Buzzard being rather larger than the Winter Hawk, and they differ much in the color of their plumage.

In the genus *Circus* we meet with birds somewhat approaching the *Owls*, in having a collar of fringed feathers surrounding the face, and in the relative size of the head and neck. They are bold and vigorous birds, possessing a powerful and easy flight, but subsisting chiefly on such ignoble game as mice, reptiles and small birds, though when pressed by hunger fearlessly attacking the poultry. The common MARSH HAWK or HEN HARRIER, *Circus Hudsonius*, Vieill.) is a well known species, inhabiting the whole United States and far to the North. Species closely allied to the present are found to exist in nearly all parts of the world, and for a long time this bird

was described as identical with the Marsh Hawk of Europe, *Circus cyaneus*. It is found dispersed throughout New England, but most abounds where there are extensive meadows, and is said by Wilson to be very serviceable to the planters of the Southern States by the havoc it makes among the immense flocks of Rice Birds or Bobolinks, that at times are so destructive to the rice and grain fields. They possess a voracious appetite, and destroy multitudes of mice. An individual that I recently dissected contained the greater part of a young rabbit, and several meadow mice.

The Marsh Hawk breeds upon the ground, laying four roundish, bluish white eggs. Length twenty-one inches, breadth of wing, three feet ten inches; color above, glossy chocolate brown, slightly skirted with ferruginous; beneath, very pale ferruginous, marked with brown. J. A. A.

For the New England Farmer.

WASHINGTON AS AN AGRICULTURIST.

Dear Farmer:—Perhaps a short account o Washington as an agriculturist, may be new and interesting to some of your readers. His views upon the raising of tobacco might well be pondered by our Connecticut valley producers of the weed. I copy from "Washington's Political Legacies," to which is annexed an appendix, containing an account of his illness, death, &c. &c. Boston, 1800.

"Colonel Washington was one of the greatest landholders in North America; his estate at Mount Vernon was computed in 1787, to consist of nine thousand acres, under his own management and cultivation: he had, likewise, various other large tracts of land in other parts of the State; his annual receipt from his estates, amounting in 1776, to four thousand pounds sterling, and it was then believed would have sold for upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling, which is equal to more than $666,000. What his revenue was recently, we do not know, but there can be little presumption in supposing it was much increased under his prudential guidance, and practical economy.

"He allotted a part of the Saturday in each week to receive the reports of his overseers, which were registered progressively, to enable him to compare the labor with the produce of each particular part, and it is affirmed that this weekly retrospect was duly considered by this great man during the stormy movements of the revolutionary war, and his presidency of the United States. He has raised in one year, seven thousand bushels of wheat, and ten thousand bushels of Indian corn, on his Mount Vernon estates; in a succeeding year he raised two hundred lambs, sowed twenty-seven bushels of flax seed, and planted seven hundred bushels of potatoes: at the same time his domestics manufactured linen and woolen cloth enough for his numerous household, which amounted to nearly a thousand persons. With him, regularity and industry were the order of each day, and the consequent reflection made them all happy. Though agriculture was pursued by him with such undeviating attention, he used it rather as the means of his pleasure, than the end of his wishes, which concentrated in the labor to improve the well being of his fellow-citizens; and to effect this, he desisted fron planting tobacco, to employ himself in the introduction and fostering such articles of vegetation as might ultimately tend to a national advantage." F.

Amherst, Mass., Oct. 17, 1860.

GOV. FAIRBANKS' ADDRESS.

The address of Gov. Fairbanks to the General Assembly of Vermont, now in session, is an excellent one. A portion of what he says of the agricultural affairs of the State we give below.

"From an abstract of the seventh United States Census, it appears that in 1850 there were in this State two million six hundred thousand four hundred and nine acres of improved land,—a quantity exceeding that of any other New England State; and that our agricultural products for that year exceeded in quantity those of any of the same States, in the articles of live stock, butter, cheese, wool, wheat, oats, potatoes, hay, and a variety of other crops. The value of live stock, as shown by that census, was twelve million six hundred forty-three thousand two hundred twenty-eight dollars, and the aggregate of farming productions for that year, shows a valuation, including live stock, of about twenty-five millions of dollars, being nearly equal to eighty dollars for each individual of our population.

The well-known industry of our citizens, engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the capabilities of our soil, have been made available for increasing the amount of these products, under the stimulus of augmented prices, consequent upon the opening of railway communication with the markets. It may therefore be assumed that this department of industry has not only maintained its relative importance, but that it has, during the intervening years since the above date, experienced a constant and healthful growth and increase; still it is conceived that it is capable of far greater development, and a much more abundant increase.

Vermont is essentially an agricultural State. The great body of its citizens are engaged in agricultural pursuits. The salubriousness of its soil, and the variety of its physical structure, adapt it to the cultivation of the most essential and profitable crops, and to the successful prosecution of cattle and sheep husbandry. Other important interests exist, and are successfully prosecuted; but it is to this, essentially, that we are to look for the most marked and healthy growth of the State in wealth and prosperity."

He says the evidence of thrift and prosperity is observable among all classes of the citizens of the State, but the remark is especially applicable to the department of agriculture. He recommends the establishing a State Board of Agriculture for the collection of statistical and other information relating to agriculture, to be embraced in annual reports for distribution throughout the State.

Poets make a book of nature, wherein they read lessons unknown to other minds, even as astronomers make a book of the heavens, and read therein the movements of the planets.

A CRACK IN THE HOG-TROUGH.

Some time ago a friend sent me word that he gave, every day, nearly twenty pails of buttermilk to a lot of shoats, and they scarcely improved a bit on it. Thinks I, this is a breed of hogs worth seeing—they must be of the sheet-iron kind; so I called on him, heard him repeat the mournful tale, and then visited the sty. In order to get a closer view of the miraculous swine, I went into the pen, and on close examination found a crack in the trough, through which much of the contents ran away under the floor.

Thinks I, here is the type of much of the failures and misfortunes of our agricultural brethren. When I see a farmer omitting all improvements because of a little cost, selling all his good farm stock to buy bank, or railroad, or mortgage stock, robbing himself and heirs, thinks I, my friend, you have a crack in your hog-trough.

When I see a farmer subscribing for half a dozen political and miscellaneous papers, and spending all his leisure reading them, while he don't read a single agricultural or horticultural journal—thinks I to myself, poor man, you have got a large and wide crack in your hog-trough.

When I see a farmer attending to all the political conventions and coming down liberally with the dust on all caucus occasions, knowing every man who votes his ticket: and yet to save his neck, couldn't tell who is President of the County Agricultural Society, or where the Fair was held last year, I "unanimously" come to the conclusion that the poor soul has got a crack in his hog-trough.

When I see a farmer buying guano, but wasting ashes and hen manure, trying all sorts of experiments except intellectual hard work and economy; getting the choicest seeds, regardless of cultivation and good sense; growing the variety of fruit called "Sour Tart Seedling," and sweetening it with sugar, pound for pound; keeping the front fields rich and neat, while the back lots are overgrown with elder, briars, snap-dragon, and thistle; contributing liberally to the Choctaw Indian Fund, and never giving a cent to any Agricultural Society—such a man, I will give a written guarantee, has got a crack both in his head and in his hog-trough.

When I see a farmer whose hogs are so lean that they have to lean against the fence to sustain themselves while squealing, I rather lean to the conclusion that somebody that stays at home will have a lien on the farm, and some time the bottom will come entirely out of the hog-trough. —*Orange Co. Farmer.*

CIDER MAKING IN CONNECTICUT.—According to the New Haven *Journal*, a very large business is carried on in cider making near that city, one town alone, (Cheshire) manufacturing 8000 barrels for market. It is first clarified, and then sold in the spring for bottling, at about one shilling per gallon. It is, when clarified, as pure as wine, and is, when bottled, in great demand at the South at $5 per dozen. The *Journal* adds: "The fruit-growers of Connecticut can cultivate the apple with but little expense, and can realize at least 20 cents a bushel for all they can raise. The past season those who have mills at Cheshire have paid from 18 to 20 cents per bushel for all they could find, taking them from the orchards where they have been collected, the raiser being subjected to no expense except that of picking and piling in heaps."

For the New England Farmer.

ADDRESSES AT FAIRS.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late number of your valuable paper, it is proposed to discontinue the annual address at our shows, and to substitute therefor a discussion of some definitely proposed topic. This would do very well, provided you could be sure of speakers competent to conduct the discussion. In most of our societies, the announcement of a topic, that had not been particularly considered by the speakers, would result, as do many of those discussions at the Legislative Agricultural Meetings, in "*Vox prætœrea nihil*," [that is, empty sound.—ED.] No man can instruct others who has not well considered the topic on which he speaks. If he has reduced his thoughts to writing, he will be likely to have them better arranged and better condensed, than if he proceeds otherwise.

For forty years, I have attended such meetings, and am free to say, that much of the best instruction springing from them has been found in these addresses; especially as they are revised and published by the officers of the society. ESSEX.

October 20, 1860.

REMARKS.—Nothing escapes the critical eye of Essex. We agree with him, that the addresses at our county fairs are usually sound and instructive,—still, a little diversion from the usual course may be profitable.

INDIA RUBBER WATERPROOF VARNISH.—A writer in the *Scientific American* says:

"I have used a solution of India rubber and turpentine for about twenty years, as a waterproof varnish for my boots and shoes. I make the application before blacking is put on, or else remove the blacking by water. When the leather is moist I take the solution of India rubber and apply it with a rag, taking care to rub it in; then I put the boot in a moderately warm place until the whole is absorbed. The process is repeated twice, or until the pores of the leather are filled, when the surplus is wiped off. In a few days afterwards blacking may be put on, and the leather will polish well. By this method of treating my boots I make them not only water-tight, but also much more durable, and the leather is always kept soft and pliable. I treat every pair of new boots in the manner described, and effect a considerable annual saving thereby."

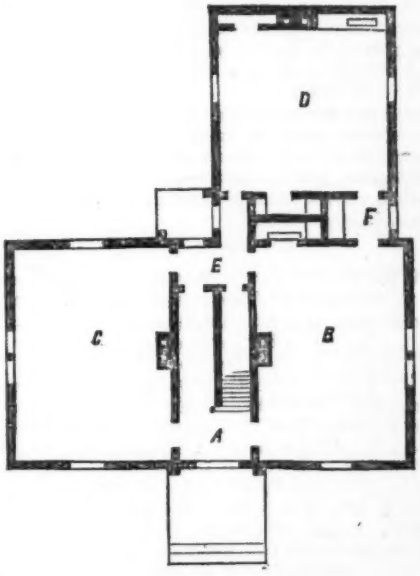
CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A young lady ran a nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet roots to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a complete and astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be borne in mind.

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

We copy from the August number of *The Horticulturist* one of Mr. HARNEY'S attractive designs of a dwelling suited to the suburbs of a city. Persons about building may be greatly aided by referring to, or carefully studying designs from the hands of persons so well qualified as is Mr. Harney to prepare them. Even with the improved taste of the age in architectural matters, nothing is more common than to witness a departure from all good taste and correct architectural principles in the construction of our dwellings. We do not give this design, and other original ones, which we intend to present, merely as pictures to embellish our columns, but because they have an intrinsic value to those who wish to build and are willing to consult them. The editor of the *Horticulturist*, in describing this design, says:

The design which we here offer, was made for a gentleman in the vicinity of a neighboring city, and, we think, will be found adapted to the wants of many of our suburban builders; combining, as it does, economy with convenience, and having, also, some slight pretensions to ornament in its exterior

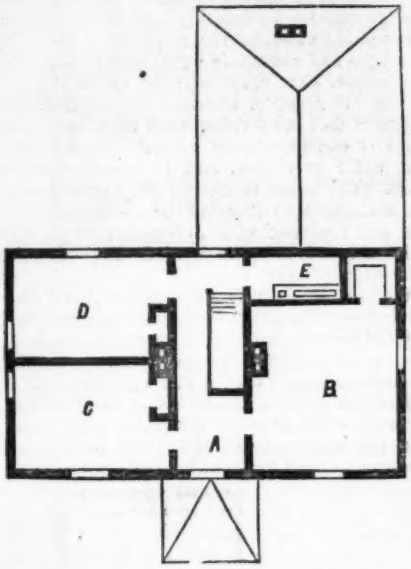
It is to be constructed of wood, and may be covered in the vertical manner with sound inch-and-a-quarter plank, and two-and-a-half-inch battens. The front door is shielded by a broad hood, supported on heavy brackets; all the lower windows have broad plank hoods. The height of the first story is ten feet in the clear, and the second is seven feet high at the plates and ten in the cen-



tre of the rooms, the space above serving as a ventilator for the whole house, having ventilating flues opening from the principal apartments.

The interior finish should be plain throughout, the doors and windows having plain architraves with a neat band moulding, and the base being eight inches high with a bevel on top. The walls are to be finished for papering.

The arrangement of the plan gives a hall, A, six feet wide, opening on the right into the living-room, B, which measures fourteen by nineteen. This room communicates through a passage, F, with the kitchen, D. The passage is to have three draws, with three wide shelves above, and is lighted by a narrow eight-light window. The kitchen is fourteen by sixteen, and has a fire-place, a sink, and two good closets. A door opens into the entry, E, which communicates with the cellar, and opens out upon the portico. It also connects with the parlor, hall, and living-room.



The second floor contain a hall, A, opening into the several chambers, B, C, D, and the bath-room, E. At the right of the bath-room is a large closet, belonging to the chamber, B.

The cost of this house would be about eighteen hundred dollars.

KANSAS FOR SHEEP.—Gov. Medary, of Kansas, has written an article for the Ohio *Cultivator*, from which we copy the following:

"In my travels through the territory, I have persuaded myself that Kansas is the best sheep and wool growing country in the Union, Texas not excepted. I have examined the country south and west, and have got myself into quite a fever on the subject. Extraordinary as has been our drought, I have not seen a spot, on high or on low lands, nor upon broken hill points, where sheep could not live and fatten. Is there any other soil in North America that can show such a tenacity for moisture? I think not."

For the New England Farmer.

FENCE POSTS.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed an inquiry in your paper of Oct. 20, of Mr. R. H. Davis, concerning setting posts on land liable to heave out by frost, and also your remarks following. You say; "we know of no way to prevent posts being thrown out by frost, but to set them so deep that the bottom of the post shall stand on firm ground below where the frost reaches." Now I wish to inquire how much less a fence will rise every winter, by having long posts in the ground than those of ordinary length, say 24 to 30 inches in the ground. I live in a region where cedar rails are tolerably plenty, and have but little need of board fence, yet on mine, as on most farms, a small amount of board fences is desirable. My land is clay, and heaves badly with frost, yet I have but little trouble in making a fence stand, provided it is built in the right way. My way is to dig a hole two feet square, more or less, according to the nature of the soil, and set the post in the centre, then fill the hole with cobble stones and drive them solid with a crow bar during the whole operation of filling; then throw a very little earth over the top, which ought not to come in contact with the post.

I have a pair of gate posts and fence built in this way some 23 years ago, which stand as strong as ever, and will probably stand as long as the timber lasts; they still retain their perpendicular position, and have not been raised any by frost.

The reason why posts draw out, is because the earth freezes at the top and adheres strongly to the post, and as it freezes deeper the earth rises by its own expansion, drawing the post up from the bottom. The earth being wet and loose at the bottom settles into the cavity below the post, which prevents the post from settling back again when the ground thaws; therefore, the earth settles back to its original level, leaving the post at its highest point. Posts, when well set in stone, will not rise with the surrounding earth, because they have no contact with it, and no frost can penetrate below the bottom of the post with sufficient force to raise it, provided it is set two feet or more in the ground. D. BUCKLAND.

Brandon, Vt., Oct. 24, 1860.

REMARKS.—In cases where cobble stones are scarce, it might make the operation detailed above somewhat too expensive; but the operator must remember that it is expensive, too, to reset his fence every spring. Where the stones can be procured at small cost, the plan of friend Buckland is undoubtedly a judicious and profitable one. We shall adopt it when we come to set posts where they are liable to be thrown out by frost.

IT has been well said, that a single year's crop of corn is worth more than all the gold of California. In addition to its other uses, it is now found that it produces a clear fluid, that burns without odor, without smoke, and is inexpensive, affording a good light in an ordinary kerosene lamp for half a cent an hour. The corn-oil is as clear and colorless as water.

For the New England Farmer.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

MR. EDITOR :—I improve my earliest spare moment to give you some account of my travels in New England, New York, Ohio and Canada, since my arrival from the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, in the spring of the present year. Let me begin at once, without apology or introduction, save the above.

May 12th, 1860, I landed at New York, after an absence from my country of thirty-two years and six months. I am not about to tell you of my emotions when I set foot on shore, after so long a separation from the scenes of my childhood and youth. This, could I do it, a thing by the way exceedingly difficult, would be of little account to your readers. Some good, however, might accrue to them from a brief account of my journeyings through the country, especially as I had my eyes open to the state of agriculture wherever I went. Allow me, then, to give you my impressions of the country, of the farms, houses and barns which I passed, together with such new objects of interest as fell under my observation from May 12th, 1860, to this day.

After spending a few days in New York and vicinity, I took the cars, and travelled in this, to me, new and wonderful style, to your city, passing through Great Barrington, Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, and other pleasant towns. It was in budding spring time. The trees were covered with beautiful foliage, and many of them with blossoms, giving promise of the abundant fruitfulness with which the Great Husbandman has since crowned the year. The fields were being carpeted with grass and the springing grain, and the cattle on the hills and in the valleys seemed exulting in the liberty which the opening season was giving them from the rigors of winter. In the pleasant town of Great Barrington, I spent a little season with delight and profit; renewed my acquaintance with robin-red-breast, bobolink and whip-poor-will, one of which, and the only one I have heard since my arrival in the country, gave us some stirring notes one evening; visited the splendid country-seat and farm of David Leavitt, Esq., spending an hour or two in his picture gallery, and formed a slight, but pleasant acquaintance, with several families in the neighborhood. It is an excellent town of intelligent farmers. Why should such men or their sons go to California, or even to Pike's Peak, to seek for gold, or exchangetheir beautiful farms for lands further west? "Godliness with contentment" will make any man happy in a town like this, or in multitudes of towns in old Massachusetts. The Lord bless the good old State, I pray.

From Boston, early in June, I took up my line of march for Western New York. I tarried awhile in Oneida county. Here is much good land. The farmers I found hoeing their corn, beginning ere the sun had appeared, and toiling long after his last ray had faded on the distant mountain's top. It seemed to me a great while to toil in a single day, and, followed up, must wear upon the constitution. I need not say that our days and nights at Hawaii are much nearer of a length than with you in New England. I was glad to find, however, that farmers throughout the country, during the long days, have their evening meal at about 5 o'clock, P. M. A great improvement, I think, on the old fashion. It must be an economical arrangement.

From Oneida county, I went to Watertown, Jefferson county, which I made my headquarters some ten days. Watertown is a beautiful and wealthy place, the residents intelligent and refined. The means of social, intellectual and moral improvement are richly enjoyed, and are extended, I believe, to all classes in the neighborhood, whether agriculturists or mechanics. From Watertown I rode with friends to Carthage, up the noble Black river, twenty-five miles or more. Riding in an open carriage, I had a fine view of the country through which we passed, the farms at one time highly cultivated, with excellent houses, painted white, with neat outhouses, and flower gardens in front. At another time, our road lay through a country quite new, with now and then an opening made in the wilderness of heavy timbered land, in the midst of which had been erected a small log house, and where corn and potatoes were growing among the stumps. I was glad to see that the residents of these new countries had commonly better barns than dwelling-houses, thus securing their crops and protecting their cattle, instead of expending their means at first in adorning their dwellings. Carthage is considerable of a village, having excellent water privileges, and is a manufacturing place. The same is true of Watertown, and of Teressa, another village in the same county. I was much pleased with Jefferson county, so far as I saw it. It seems to be a growing part of the great State of New York.

We took stage at Watertown, and rode about ten miles to Sackett's Harbor. From my early youth, I have heard of this place, and have desired to visit it; not because I supposed (I had no such thought,) that it was a pleasant village, or that the country around it had any particular attraction—but because it was one of the seats of the unhappy war of 1812; the place where government built barracks for soldiers, and ships of war to distress the enemy on Lake Ontario—the place where brother with brother fought and weltered in blood. It was the place, too, of graves, and as I rode along the way near the village, my guide said, "These hillocks so near each other, are the places where the soldiers who died in the barracks were thrown, and covered so slightly that every now and then the bodies are disinterred, or rooted up by the swine!" Some poor fellows of my own neighborhood were among those wretched men who left their bones on this common. As I walked about the barracks, and through this grave-yard, I felt that a soldier's life is mean and unworthy, by the side of the poor, but industrious farmer who earns his bread by daily toil. When will men be wise, and live in accordance with the will of Heaven? What an expenditure of money, of strength, and of life has been made at this point! Gladly did I move on to my next stopping-place, Rochester, Monroe county, N. Y. In 1817, I took up my abode in the then small village, now the flourishing city of Rochester. I made this my home during five years, though some part of the time I lived in a neighboring town, and I left in the autumn of 1822. Of course, the place has changed surprisingly. At first, I was bewildered, but on walking about, I found

many familiar places, and a few old friends. The rapids on Genesee river, the falls, both upper and lower, and two or three streets seemed quite natural. There have been striking improvements, not only in the city, but in the surrounding country. I spent two weeks in Monroe county, and was delighted with what I saw among the farmers. They were beginning to harvest their wheat, which was of good growth, and excellent quality. Oats were very heavy, corn promising, and the prospect of fruit of every kind had never been better. Here, for the first time in my life, I watched the operation of the mowing and raking machine. What an improvement on the old-fashioned method of cutting grass and securing hay! I find a great advance, as it seems to me, in the work of farming, while there is still room for progress in this noble employment. With crops so abundant, and means of securing them of so improved a character, I see not why the farmers of your whole country may not flourish, become comfortable, affluent, not to say wealthy.

The Lord bless the labor of all who till the ground, for our sakes, no less than for their own.

Yours affectionately, I. S. GREEN.

P. S.—In my next, I hope to speak of my travels onward—my visit to Ohio, the oil wells, &c., &c. Hope to write you soon, perhaps from Vermont.

Whitesboro', Oneida Co., N. Y., Oct. 20, 1860.

FATTENING HOGS---FERMENTATION OF FOOD.

Now is the time to give attention to the important matter of fattening swine, that is, critical attention,—so as to learn the comparative value between cooked and uncooked food, and between food that is fermented and food in which that process has, in no degree, not taken place. The following we find in the *Rural New-Yorker:*

Among the many of your contributors, I would ask for information concerning fattening hogs. I have farmed it for thirty years, and when I commenced, I adopted the plan of keeping swill barrels and saving all the surplus water of the kitchen, with the milk and whey, and mixing some kind of meal or middlings with it, then let it go through the process of fermentation, after which I fed it to the hogs. I supposed I was doing things about right, until last week, when travelling on the cars, I got into conversation with an intelligent appearing gentleman, who said this process was all wrong—that the fermentation destroyed the most of the fattening properties of the grain. He also said that making meal into pudding would not fatten as fast as dry meal. Now, I would inquire of your readers whether these things are so.

RAIN WATER NOT ABSORBED BY LEAVES.—It has always been thought that the rain water which falls upon the leaves and stems of vegetables is gradually absorbed, and nourishes the plant. It appears, however, that this opinion is merely instinctive, and when tested by careful experiment, it proves unfounded, as is shown by a small paper lately published by M. Duchartre. For four years this author has endeavored to discover, by direct experiment, whether or no such absorption takes place. The plants submitted to these experiments were in pots, their stems and leaves being exposed to the rain, whilst the roots were prevented from absorbing any moisture, being hermetically closed up in the pot. All the plants submitted to this kind of investigation, gave similar results; after remaining exposed to to the rain, sometimes for eighteen consecutive hours, they showed no increase in weight; indeed, in some cases, they appeared to have experienced a slight diminution.—*London Photographic News.*

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

MR. EDITOR:—As "misery likes company," allow me to say that I, too, purchased the "mummy corn." My first impulse was to keep mum about it; but I deem it my duty to say that of the eighty-six kernels received from Mr. Crandall, only twenty grew at all, and this was more than one would expect from the appearance of the seed. Most of it must have been shelled from the top of an unripe or frost-bitten ear. It was planted June 2d, in good rich soil, and as well cared for as any need be. Behold the harvest! One ear some four inches in length, corn of two colors, with other unmistakable evidences of its having mixed with other varieties of corn. Many of the kernels were imperfect; this, with a few apologies for ears, is the amount of the crop. The stalks are still standing a monument of my folly and Crandall's honesty. Were they nearer my dwelling, I should expect to hear the wind screeching through their leaves, "Crandall corn, —came from Egypt,—may he ever have to eat it."

Let him be fed on this corn for the rest of his life, say I, and his body will become embalmed while he lives; as will his memory, by this disagreeable exploit. Pass him round. H. E. H. WOOD.

Putney, Vt., Oct. 27, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—In reply to a request in your paper of the 13th ult. about the Egyptian corn, the seed of which was sent to me by M. E. Crandall, of Illinois, I beg to say that equally with your correspondent from Palmer, I and one of my neighbors have been humbugged. We planted it under the same favorable circumstances as to soil and culture, and the crop is an utter nullity—an acre of it would not produce a bushel of sound corn, even if the season had been two months longer. It is a tropical corn, similar to the Guinea corn of the West Indies, and good for nothing in any part of the corn-growing section of the Union.

Now, this Mr. Crandall either knew this fact, or he knew it not. If the first, he has raised money under false pretences, and if the latter, he has been an agent in the hands of some base speculator. In either case, he is equally reprehensible. Farmers are the most honest part of any population, and from that very cause most easily imposed upon. The shopkeeper who cheats, expects naturally to be cheated in return, and is accordingly always on his guard. But farmers are usually honest themselves, at least, so far as concerns the trifles upon which I am now discoursing, but they are often too slow in guarding against the arts of the designing. I would advise all farmers, when in future they read such an advertisement as that of Mr. Crandall, to send if they choose for the article advertised; but never to inclose any money. The impostor will thus be soon disclosed if he is an impostor, while the honest man will, if his articles are indeed valuable, become apparent by personal knowledge in the proper time. A SUBSCRIBER.

Kensington, N. H., Oct. 26, 1860.

ASPARAGUS.

I lately saw in your paper an inquiry respecting setting asparagus beds in the fall. I can speak from experience on this point. Last October I set about one and one-half square rods of ground to asparagus, and soon after, on the first of November, covered the plants carefully over with leaves, and put brush on the

leaves to keep them down. The result was almost a total failure; not one-twentieth part of it came up; but not for the want of being properly set, for this was done with great care. I would inform your correspondent that his plants will require a great deal of care and labor in weeding, yet I am not prepared to say that this labor will not be abundantly rewarded.

Eliot, Me., Oct., 1860. A YOUNG FARMER.

TO PRESERVE PUMPKINS.

Cut and stew the pumpkin soft, sift through a colander or pumpkin sieve, then press the juice out through a cloth, and return it to the boiler. Weigh your pumpkin after it is pressed, and for every pound of pumpkin, take one pound of sugar. When the juice is boiled down sufficiently, add the sugar; when dissolved, add the pumpkin, and as much salt and spice of whatever kind you prefer as your pies will need. Pack in a stone jar and cover with molasses. Prepared in this way it may be kept a year. A heaping tablespoonful is sufficient for a pie. Add eggs as usual. J. E. T.

Pittsfield, N. H., 1860.

For the New England Farmer.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE N. E. FARMER, OCT., 1860.

Page 444.—*Superphosphate of Lime in Corn-Hills.*—The impression most likely to be made by the first portion of this article—the impression or persuasion which most readers will be apt to receive from it—will be to this effect, or something like this, that superphosphate of lime is an excellent fertilizer for Indian corn crops. Whether or not it was the intention of the writer that such an impression should be left upon the minds of his readers, and that they should be led, in consequence thereof, to make purchases of articles sold as superphosphates, and to employ them as fertilizers for their corn crops, it is difficult, and perhaps of little importance to determine; but with whatever intention the writer penned this article, we think the majority of the readers of it will get from it such an impression as we have named, and be led to purchase and employ for their corn crops some one of the various articles which are sold to farmers as superphosphates, probably without much discrimination as to the real value of the articles sold under this name, differing as they do greatly in composition and in value for manurial purposes; and probably, also, without even a knowledge of the fact, that there are some "trashy mixtures" sold as superphosphates, which do not contain even one per cent. of soluble phosphates, instead of from twelve to twenty per cent., as the best superphosphates do, and which are not really worth more than $12 to $15 per ton, though sold to the unsuspecting farmer at $45 and $50. Now, as no friend of the farmers could allow himself to mislead any of them to their injury, and would gladly welcome from another, or make for himself, any correction or caution needed to prevent such misleading or injury as might result, as in this case, from any statements he may have made without due qualifications or cautions, we may reasonably presume that Mr. Holbrook will welcome, and that his readers will be benefited, or saved from disappointment, deception and loss, by the suggestions now about to be submitted to those who have read the article under consideration.

What, then, is needed, in the case of some, or perhaps many farmers, in order to prevent their being misled, to their disappointment or loss, by the article under notice?

First of all, let us take the case of those readers who are likely to get the impression, or draw the inference, that superphosphate of lime is an excellent fertilizer for a crop of corn, and that they may certainly calculate on an increased yield by purchasing and using some of the articles sold by that name. Those thus led to expect benefit and returns that would pay expenses or afford profits, and, of course, likely to purchase, if the article is to be had in any market within their reach, should be cautioned against taking up with the too common opinion that all superphosphates are alike, or that any article so called is just as likely to produce good results as any other of the same name. In the present state of matters as to articles offered for sale as superphosphates, and in consideration of the great probability that an unsuspecting farmer would be likely to have imposed upon him as a genuine and valuable superphosphate, some of the trashy mixtures which have been so unblushingly and so persistently pushed into market, it seems the duty of any one who reports well of the use of superphosphates, to caution those likely to be influenced by his report, to be upon their guard when they purchase, as there are articles of very varying degrees of value—some of them not worth more than a fourth or a third of that of others—sold by that name. It certainly would, at least, be kind and friendly, if not strictly a duty, that those who lead farmers to expect that the use of superphosphates will increase their crops and their profits, should suggest such cautions, or give such information, as may help those induced to buy through their representations to avoid being imposed upon by fraudulent manufacturers, and to secure a good, or the best article of the kind to be had.

We cast no reflections, certainly, upon Mr. Holbrook for his omitting to give any warning of the dangers which surround the person who is about to purchase a superphosphate, or for omitting to refer those who may purpose purchasing, in virtue of his recommendation, to some book, pamphlet or periodical in which they might find such information as would assist them greatly in avoiding the risk of being imposed upon, and in securing an article which would be worth their money, and likely to produce profitable, or, at least, paying returns. But since the need or utility of such cautions or such assistance seems not to have occurred to him, and since some of his readers may be purposing to purchase the article he has spoken so well of, before next spring or next planting time, we may presume that he will regard these suggestions as a useful addition to his article, and that those having any such intention will now take the hint and endeavor to procure such information as may serve to guard them against being made the victims of unprincipled and dishonest manufacturers, or teach them how to manufacture this article for themselves, or furnish them with the means of testing articles offered them, so that their genuineness and value may be determined, with at least an approximation to the truth.

There is yet another impression likely to be made by this communication of Mr. Holbrook, even as there is another class of readers. The class of readers, whose impressions from reading this article we have already noticed, consists of those who are in the habit of jumping to conclu-

sions quite too rapidly, and in disregard generally of all the laws of logic or sound reasoning; who, for example, when they read of any manure or any mode of culture having been productive of large crops in a single instance, immediately and without any consideration of the many influences and differences there may be between that particular case and that in which they may be purposing to make a similiar trial of the manure or the mode of management, conclude that they will certainly obtain results equally large or profitable. The other class is made up of farmers of greater soundness of judgment and of less facility in jumping to conclusions which the premises or facts do not warrant. A reader of this class would probably notice that Mr. H. has said nothing definite about the amount of corn harvested, and that, therefore, there is no real foundation for the inference so hastily arrived at by the former class of readers, viz., that the superphosphate had produced quite an increase in the crop. True, it is said that the growth of the stalks seemed to be made more luxuriant; but it is known to men of discernment that greater luxuriance in the growth of the stalks or of straw is not always accompanied by a corresponding increase of grain or corn upon the ear. And even if, in this case, there had been a large yield of grain as well as a thrifty growth of stalk, a farmer of this class would not have considered a single case conclusive as proof of the benefit of any particular manure or mode of management, but would only value this particular result as one fact to be collated with many others before any safe and reliable conclusion will be deduced therefrom. A farmer of this class would, in order to ascertain the exact value of the statements made by Mr. Holbrook, immediately compare them with whatever similar reports he might be able to recollect or refer to, relating to the effects of superphosphates upon a corn crop. He would be able, probably, to recollect that the general result of applications of phosphates of all kinds to cereals has proved that they are far less serviceable in promoting the growth of grain, than they are in forwarding that of the grasses, the bulbous and other root crops, and herbaceous plants generally. He would be able, also, perhaps, to recollect or refer to the results of some experiments made with much care and accuracy by Mr. Harris, editor of the *Genesee Farmer*, and reported two years ago to the New York Agricultural Society. According to these experiments with artificial manures on Indian corn, experiments to which was awarded the premium of seventy-five dollars offered for the best—it appears that though the rows to which superphosphate had been applied were more forward than any other during hoeing time, yet they fell far behind at harvest, the increase in grain being small, and not nearly enough to pay for the cost of the superphosphate.

MORE ANON.

DATES.—A correspondent asks, in speaking of the dates of the communications which we insert, "Is it not better always to give the 'State,' as well as the 'Town?'" Certainly—and this we always aim to do; but in some cases, the postmark is completely illegible, and we have no means of doing so. "New Worcester" is a part of the city of Worcester, Mass. When we publish an article coming from any town in this State we do not give the name of the State, but otherwise we give it.

PROPHECIES OF THE SEASON.

Where late the meadows blushed with bloom,
And daisy flakes were white as snow,
The spectral shades of autumn gloom
Prophetic wander to and fro.

The hills, so long encrowned with green,
A browner garb begin to wear;
Gay summer half inclines to screen
Her beauty from the daylight's glare.

The woods full-leaved stand waiting nigh,
Their verdure touched with crimson stains,
Yet loth to lay their honors by,
As age to part with all its gains.

A sadder note from grove and glen,
Whence all the robin's young have flown;
While mournfully the little wren
Pipes through the fading trees alone:

The brook, that prattled one sweet tone
When summer mist was soft and dim,
Keeps up a low incessant moan,
That times with Nature's graver hymn.

The swallows, too, have left the eaves
And flit and form in noisy bands,—
The goldfinch plans among the leaves
Her coming flights to southern lands.

Above yon mountain's rocky side,
The wary hawk swings round and round,
A friendless rover, winged with pride,
That scorns the touch of kindred ground.

These, these, are but the first faint signs
Of autumn's presence;—day by day
She draws in bright but fading lines,
The picture of her own decay.

ANTHONY HOXIE.

For the New England Farmer.

POSTS THROWN OUT BY FROST.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in the *Farmer*, to which I am a regular subscriber, the following question, viz.:

FENCE POSTS AND FROST.

Will you inform me, through the columns of your paper, of the best method for setting fence posts on frosty land, where every spring the fences are tumbling over, being hove up by the frost?

Essex, Sept. 20, 1860. R. H. DAVIS.

To which you remark thus:—

"We know of no way to prevent posts being thrown out by frost but to set them so deep that the bottom of the post shall stand on firm ground below where the frost reaches;" from which I beg leave to differ, although I may not be correct in my views, having but a short practice in my particular theory. I own a small piece of land which is moist and low, producing good crops of grass, and is called "very heavy" or frosty. I have known the land twenty or more years, and have always noticed the posts being hove up and thrown about in different directions, which led me to the following experiment.

A year ago last spring some of the posts were so rotten that I procured new ones to replace them, and on taking up the old ones I noticed

quite a space between the bottom of the post and the bottom of the hole, which was two feet four inches below the surface. A thought struck me that the post was not raised by the ground heaving below the bottom of it, for it was hard and gravelly, but by the soft rich mould, composing the soil, separating from the former and taking the post with it; consequently, when the frost comes out of the ground, which often thaws at the bottom first, the soft mud settles under the post, enough to prevent its settling back into its place.

I then tried the following plan, which has so far fully sustained my views. I dug a hole two and a half feet square to the hard bottom, which in some places was not two feet deep, and carried the soil to my yard, which repaid me for the extra labor. I then got a load of gravel, very similar in nature to that under the post, (which should be alike, to prevent separation,) placed the post butt down, after tapering it a little about six inches at the bottom, filled in the gravel, punching it in with an iron bar, it being better than tamping with a blunt instrument. I cannot discover that they have started in the least. Last spring I set half a dozen more the same way, expecting good results from the experiments. I think the softer the ground, the larger the hole should be. N. F. ROBINSON.

Brimfield, Oct. 23, 1860.

REMARKS.—We are glad the inquiry about the throwing out of posts by frost has drawn out the information that friend Robinson had in his possession.

For the New England Farmer.

LETTER FROM GROTON.

"The fairest apple hangs on the topmost branch."

Yes, so it is said; and who has not seen in the centre of some fertile valley, protected from the chilly winds, a large, flourishing tree, whose golden fruit, on the heavily laden boughs, seems day by day to gather additional size and beauty? But as the eye glances on this luxuriance, it cannot fail of resting with a more than admiring gaze on one apple, which is not only conspicuous by its high and lofty station, but also by its superior form and richness of color. And what is said of this tree and this "topmost" apple, may be said of all trees and their fruit the present year in this town and vicinity. The fruit harvest is a very large one, and mostly gathered, and, what is not designed for winter use, is being dried and made into cider. Several orchards in this vicinity, and among them is the one to which the "axe was laid to the roots," a scraper to the trunks, and a saw and pruning-knife to the branches of the trees thereof, last February and March, yield from three hundred to a thousand bushels of fine fruit, and from ten to fifty barrels of cider, each.

Well, "harvest home" is the song, and the summing up of the harvest account, is the only remaining pleasant duty of the husbandman. The harvest, as a whole, is a bountiful one, although the rot and rust have affected the potatoes, more or less, and the severe frost of the first of the month the corn.

A most terrific thunder-storm, accompanied with wind, hail and rain, passed over this town at about two o'clock on the afternoon the 26th ult. The storm lasted about one hour during which time the peals of thunder were very heavy, flashes of lightning unusually vivid; the hail-stones large, some measuring one inch or more in diameter, completely covering the ground in a few minutes, causing considerable damage to the glass in several dwellings at North Groton. Since the storm, the weather has been exceedingly mild and pleasant, affording an excellent opportunity for plowing and other out-door farm work. B.

North Groton, Nov. 1, 1860.

SAND PILLARS.

I have often witnessed a phenomenon on these sandy plains of Central Asia, which accounts in some measure for the innumerable sandy mounds that are found in some regions. When seen at a distance for the first time, it made a strong impression on my mind. About twenty pillars were in view, wheeling round and licking up the sand. As they passed along, a cloud of dust was raised on the ground, apparently eight or ten yards in diameter. This gradually assumed the form of a column, that continued to increase in height and diameter as it moved over the plain, appearing like a mighty serpent rearing his head aloft, and twisting his huge body into contortions in his efforts to ascend. The pillars were of various sizes, some twenty or thirty feet high, others fifty, sixty and one hundred feet, and some ascended to near two hundred feet. As the whirlwinds began gathering up the dust, one might have fancied that antediluvian monsters were rising into life and activity. The smaller ones seemed to trip it lightly over the plain, bending their bodies in graceful curves as they passed each other; while those of larger dimensions revolved with gravity, swelling out their trunks as they moved onward, till the sandy fabric suddenly dissolved, forming a great mound, and creating a cloud of dust that was swept over the desert.—*Atkinson's Travels in the Amoor.*

RATHER STRONG.—Col. Harazthy makes the following statement in an address at the fair of Sonoma county, California:

"Why, sir, every profession and trade throughout the Union has its schools and colleges, and those who wish to become proficients in their special pursuits, undergo a regular process of training. The farmer alone—to whom above all the others perhaps 'knowledge is power'—is left to *feel* his way in the dark."

We had supposed that there were many "trades throughout the Union" no better off for "schools and colleges" than is agriculture.

A BOND OF UNION.—A writer for the *Homestead* makes the following statement:

"My richest neighbor and poorest neighbor meet upon a common ground of fondness for celery; under the shelter of that vegetable spring up and flourish a variety of social feelings and neighborly courtesies."

For the New England Farmer.

HIGHWAYS.

MR. BROWN:—Did you ever think that the public roads through a town are a pretty good index by which you may judge of the common sense of the people? I feel most sincerely that the public sentiment is not right yet, far from it, on the subject of roads. In our own town, although we raise one thousand dollars—money tax—I believe it would be economy to raise double that sum, and then have it judiciously expended. Why should we oblige our teams to drag loads through beds of sand, that might be covered with road gravel from a neighboring hill? Let all such places be covered and kept in good order, I say. Then the muddy places; what a scourge and vexation they are in March; and all capable of being put in good condition, if coarse gravel be put on early in the spring before the ground settles.

How does it affect you to ride over the same cobble stones day after day, and month after month, lying in the ruts? I cannot help complaining and wondering why the surveyors don't take their garden rakes and pass over the roads and clean them from such annoyances. Shouldn't you suppose that an intelligent surveyor would walk behind his cart while going over his district, and clear out every stone? I can assure you that it is not a universal practice yet.

The highways may be in a bad condition, even when a large sum is expended upon them. The rains that we have so frequently, do a great deal of damage. The water in our district generally runs in the middle of the road. It is not checked and turned out at the sides by bars, but follows the wheel track from the highest hill to the lowest hollows. I confess that my patience is sorely tried by such neglect. I know that if our roads were all properly crowned, most of the water that falls would be turned off. But the roads cannot be all shaped up for several years, and for the present, it is wise to open frequent water-courses at the sides of the walls, and build, quite across the ways, bars, to stop the water. I know that bars across the road are disliked by many. They ought never to be made so as seriously to jolt a carriage, A good model is a tortoises back; the wheels should rise gradually; more good gravel should be used, and the "bar" be longer.

I will tell you, Mr. Brown, just what I think we should have done on our roads. They should be repaired early in the season, with the best of road gravel, and not with sand, sods, garden loam and cobble stones. The water should be kept off, and not allowed, as it is now, to run in so many places, a good quarter of a mile. The loose stones should be cleaned off, at least once a month, by a competent person. May I expect that you will say, Amen!

Yours truly, W. D. B.

REMARKS.—Certainly, we do. Few persons understand road-making—merely because they have not given attention to it, *as a science*; for road-making *is* a *scientific* work. We passed over a piece of road this morning in going from our dwelling to the station, less than fifty rods in length, which we believe has had enough expended upon it during the last ten years, to pave it thoroughly with stone or iron—and yet it is a miserable piece of road, the mud being two or three inches deep and the wheels continually striking the stones under it. To make this piece of road nearly *perfect*, does not require a stone or a load of gravel, but simply a little judicious drainage. But road-making is held something as farming is; most persons who have ever seen a road, think they know all about making one.

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.

The frequent changes of our uncertain climate give rise to many forms of disease, and we often murmur and repine at their suddenness. But there is a bright, as well as a dark side in all the ordinances of nature, and Washington Irving has painted the bright side of the fickle season in the following glowing terms:

"Here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth, and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us hath none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance.

And the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life; and the splendor of summer, its morning voluptuousness and evening glory, its airy places of sun-lit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of the woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may well say that in our climate, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

CANADIAN AGRICULTURE.—The Canadian *Agriculturist* represents the Fifteenth Exhibition of the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada, held at Hamilton, last month, as the most successful which has yet taken place in the Province.

We judge by the fact that twenty-four pages of the *Farmers' Journal* are devoted to the award of premiums at the Exhibition of the Agricultural Association of Lower Canada, that its late fair at Quebec was equally successful.

STEAM FOR FARMERS.

OW FEW, even among the most scientific and sanguine, anticipated, twenty years ago, the great variety of forms in which steam would be used, and the vast benefits which it would confer upon mankind. Those who have not paid much attention to the matter, suppose that its use is principally confined to factories, to propelling steamships, cars, and other things requiring a great amount of power. But such is not the fact. If a true tabular view were given, we should find that its use in small, minute matters, greatly preponderates over the large, bulky class.

Steam is now introduced everywhere, in the country as well as the city; in the dwelling-house as well as the factory; in the store of the merchant, the shop of the shoe-maker; into the kitchen of the hotel as well as every other part of the building, where it pumps, boils, roasts, bakes, stews, washes the dishes, and dries them, ready to go upon the shelves, and washes and irons the clothes; into the shop of the cabinet-maker, carpenter, piano-forte maker, baker, brewer, tinner, watch-maker, saddler, blacksmith, and vat of the tanner. It hoists boxes, bales, bundles and huge crates from the holds of vessels, and exhausts them of thousands of bushels of grain in a day, and deposits it in a loft up just under the clouds, ready to be let down again and passed between ponderous mill-stones moved by the same power, to be converted into flour or meal. It fashions tubs and pails, polishes the plates of the photographer, saws up huge blocks of marble into thin and delicate slabs, and works out and gives elegance of form to mineral teeth for the human mouth which almost surpass the happiest efforts of nature herself. Among all the blessings which it confers there is nothing in which it is more comfortable, nor, if generally employed, where it would be more profitable, than in *warming our dwellings*. Those who have not introduced it for that purpose, in a large house with a large family, and especially where there are young children, can have no just appreciation of the comfort, safety, healthfulness and economy in the consumption of fuel, which it confers when used for this purpose.

To the farmer, it has not yet been made plain of how much direct consequence it is to be in his business,—though he has already learned with what facility his grain may be thrashed, his wood sawed, and his trees cut into boards or timber suitable for building, by the aid of its power. Indirectly, it has already conferred signal blessings upon him in the cheaper construction of the implements and machinery of the farm, and at the same time furnishing them to him in a lighter, stronger and better form. It will yet be more intimately connected with his business, aiding it in many ways, and, *perhaps*, successfully and profitably hitched to his plows in our small New England fields!

But general and indispensable as it now is, it is destined to become still more general, and to confer benefits still more signal on the human race, and to aid us to a higher and more perfect civilization. It is to become effective on our carriage roads at no distant day, and thus extend its blessings down to the toiling and sweating brutes. It will be no fancy talk for us, by-and-by, to say to the boy:—

"John, touch a lighted match to the kindlings under *Prometheus*, and in ten minutes drive to the door."

Ten minutes have transpired, and a light appearing carriage stands before us. It is about ten feet in length, sets a little nearer the ground than our common carriages, and is airy, and in every way comfortable and inviting. In front is an upright boiler, about eighteen inches in diameter, containing numerous vertical tubes, but entirely closed in by the wood-work of the carriage. The fire-box is on a level with the floor, and in the winter has the delightful appearance of a fire in a Franklin stove, and warms the carriage, or when the weather is sufficiently mild to make a fire unnecessary, is shut off at once by a simple device, so that no heat escapes to it.

In less time than is required to take a pair of horses from their stalls and harness them to a carriage, Prometheus is at the door, and though full of wonderful energy, is as quiet as a sleeping child. He neither paws up your gravel road, nor breaks his bridle to reach the springing grass, nor perils your life when getting into the carriage by impromptu plungings and rearings not much less dangerous than the plungings of a ship on a lee shore. There the giant stands, waiting your will. His breath is hot, to be sure, but there are no signs of fever or feverish anxiety about him. His pulses are regular, calm and strong. Jump in. Let us see, all seated—six ladies and six gentlemen, including the man with "the ribbons." "All right—go ahead." What was that, Mr. Meadows? I cannot tell you, sir, whether it was a corn-field, or a piece of sprout land. I had no idea we had gained such a speed as this. You are excited, sir—we have only

reached sixteen miles an hour. But with what ease, precision and comfort the old god carries us along! O, that Watt and Fulton, and a host of those worthies, were here to witness the result of their genius!

The trial having been successful, up-hill and down, as a locomotive for speed with moderate loads, it will prove equally so as a power to take our products to market, pump water, thresh and grind our grain, turn the grind-stone or cider-mill, or press the pomace, saw the wood and timber, or exhume rocks and stumps from their ancient beds! When all this is done, there will be an unexpended energy remaining, which may be transferred by a flexible pipe to a fifty-bushel feed box, where the fodder for twenty-four hours may be cooked in thirty or forty minutes, for as many head of cattle! In summer, with slow and stately march, we may see it moving a ten-foot cutter-bar, and prostrating and spreading the grass at the rate of two acres an hour, accompanied only by a small boy to guide it round the corners!

There are, undoubtedly, many other ways in which this young Prometheus may be used which we have not the penetration to foreshadow, and which will secure to us the lasting gratitude of all the laboring quadruped race!

We believe that a power something like this will yet be devised—that it will be cheap, the first cost being less than is paid every week in the city of Boston for a single horse,—that when at work the expense for fuel and lubrication will be but a trifle more than that of sustaining a working horse, and that when still it will neither eat, drink, catch cold and have a "distemper," nor break its legs by falling down "through the trap."

There cannot be a doubt that when old Prometheus stole the fire from heaven, he intended it expressly to heat water and make steam for farmers, as well as other people. Let us, then, be grateful for the blaze, and touch up the kindlings under a useful machine bearing the name of Prometheus!

KEEPING HORSES' LEGS AND FEET IN ORDER.—If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbor, I should attribute it to the following circumstances: First, that they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move; second, that they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; third, that they have two hours daily walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourth, that I have not a head-stall or track-chain in my stall. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horse's legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age.—*Miles on the Horse's Foot.*

VARIETIES OF BARLEY.

Very little barley has been cultivated in this vicinity till recently. The variety grown here is that of the two rowed, having a long beard, and a gritty hull enveloping the grains. But everybody knows all about this and similar kinds of barley. But two or three years since, there was introduced into this country from Italy, through the agency of the Patent Office, a variety of hulless barley—some of the heads are two, and others six rowed, but it is long bearded. I sowed a small quantity on good land in May, 1859. It proved to be a short, weak-strawed affair, but yielded tolerably well. This year sowed it on a good loamy soil: the same short, weak-strawed barley resulted; the yield not great, raising but little over a bushel. I carried a bushel to mill, had it ground and bolted, the flour of which is as white, and makes as good bread as some of our poorer qualities of spring wheat. For "flippers" we prefer it to buckwheat. Upon the whole, I am rather sorry that I disposed of this "Tuscany barley" in such a summary way. I have also grown a small patch of the Nepaul variety; this has neither hull or beard. It was sown too late, and was somewhat injured by the midge. If it shall prove a productive and otherwise valuable variety, it will become a great favorite among barley growers, unless they, like Young America, prefer a long beard to none.—LEVI BARTLETT, *Warner, N. H., in Country Gentleman.*

LEAVES IN HOT-BEDS.—From an article in the *Homestead* on "Leaves as Mulch and Manure," we copy the following paragraph, which may interest those who have not access to proper manure for hot-beds:

"The use of leaves in hot-beds is one not to be overlooked. Laid in hot-bed pits, from which the residue of last year's soil and manure has been removed to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches, well covered, they will remain fresh, and but little frozen till time to get the hot-bed ready. Then a moderate quantity of potash water or wood ashes, mingled with the whole mass, will start a uniform and continuous heat."

CINDERS FOR PIGS.—J. J. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, Eng., has been publishing his experience in fattening swine, and, among other things, he has learned the fact "that pigs are very fond of coal ashes or cinders, and that you can hardly fat pigs properly on boarded floors, without giving them a moderate supply daily, or occasionally." He says:—"In the absence of coal ashes, burned clay or brick dust is a good substitute. If you do not supply ashes they will gnaw or eat the brick walls of their sheds. I leave to science to explain the cause of this want. It is notorious that coal dealers, where pigs have access to the coals, are generally successful pig-feeders. Those who find that their pigs, when shut up, do not progress favorably, will do well to try this plan; a neighbor of mine found that a score of fat pigs consumed quite a basket of burned clay ashes daily. We know that there is an abundance of alkali in ashes."

For the New England Farmer.

ANCIENT vs. MODERN TIMES.

I was very much surprised, upon reading an idea produced by "Old Spinster," that "our grandmothers were educated as they should be." Why, dear "Old Spinster," do you live in the present age or not? Our grandmothers' education of work was all right, I admit, but they possessed an intellect and powers which God had bestowed upon them for cultivation which were left to slumber in rude ignorance. I venture to assert that not one-fourth of our grandmothers could read or write, and would you have modern ladies about you thus unprepared to understand the true relations and responsibilities of life? You say that woman's labor is less severe now than in the good old times. Both man's and woman's hardships are lessened, through the aid of mechanical knowledge and machinery. I would ask what has brought about these means, and this great revolution? Is it not the cultivation of our noblest faculties and the advancement of knowledge? This is an age of progress, and we should thank Heaven that it is. If our modern wives and daughters must know nothing but to "bake and brew, make and mend," what, think you, will be the condition of our glorious country in the future. Woman's influence is mighty and untold; leave her in heathenish ignorance, and in one century you leave your whole country there also. Sheridan said: "women govern us; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women, depends the wisdom of men."

Not that she is to be heard in the forum or the political world, but her mission is silent, in the sanctum of home. From her teachings in that spot, there will emanate a glory to brighten the world and glitter far hence when she is sleeping in yonder valley.

The farm is truly the place for woman to exercise her powers most beneficially, when not devoted exclusively to care and labor.

While we reverence the memory of our grandmothers, and sigh for their hardships and unimproved minds, let us appreciate the effects of education upon this our modern age, and endeavor to the utmost to keep the ball of progress in motion.

POLLY.

Enfield Centre, N. H., 1860.

VULCANITE TOOLS.—The manufacture of abrading tools of vulcanized rubber and emery is one of the most recent novelties in practical mechanics. These tools, in consequence of their perfect evenness and great keenness, are found to be of peculiar utility to machinists, particularly in finishing, cutting or grinding the best quality of work. The process of manufacture is as follows: The emery is incorporated with vulcanite, or a composition of India rubber and sulphur. The compound is kept in a plastic state by heat, and is moulded with suitable pressure in moulds of metal, &c., like clay, or terra cotta work, and from the mould receives any shape desired. The tools made of this material can, it is stated, be used dry or with water, or with oil. When water is used, it gives a grindstone or ruffled finish. When oil is used, it presents a dead finish; and when used dry, a beautiful polish is obtained. The wheels are formed with a hole in the centre, which can be enlarged when necessary by burning it out with hot iron. If a wheel gets out of true, or becomes uneven, it can be turned true and even in a lathe, as if made of iron.—*Exchange.*

For the New England Farmer.

THE BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND---No. 6.

OWLS.

Hawk Owl—Snowy Owl—Acadian Owl—Richardson's Owl.

The *Nocturnal Birds of Prey*, the Owls, constituting the family *Strigidæ* of naturalists, from their recluse and nocturnal habits, noiseless flight, grotesque appearance and hideous cries, have ever been objects of suspicion and awe with the ignorant and superstitious; and the "boding Owl," delighting in scenes of desolation, has always been regarded as a bird of ill omen. They have been represented as armed assassins, invading the stillness of the solemn hours of night with their dismal cries, relentlessly pursuing their murderous avocation in the dimness of twilight, and in the darker hours of the night, approaching their innocent, reposing and unsuspicious prey with a stealthy, spectral flight and deadly aim; or, as dismal, defective beings, necessarily leading a life of gloomy monotony, because incapable of enjoying the splendors of day; while in reality they are as perfectly adapted to the sphere allotted them in the admirable plan of Nature as their diurnal relatives of plunder, or any other tribe of animals to the life they lead; nor are they found to be half worthy of the proscription they receive at the hand of man, but on the contrary, most of the species are highly beneficial to the agriculturist, from their preying in a great measure upon the nocturnal vermin that ravage their fields. Poets, taking advantage of these popular superstitions, are prone to introduce the *Owl*, to heighten the effect of their descriptions of midnight storms, or scenes of melancholy desolation.

The *Owls* seem to hold the same rank among the birds, that the *Felinæ*, or Cats, do among the quadrupeds. From their solitary habits, chiefly exhibiting their activity and peculiar characteristics in the night time, still less is known of their interesting history than of the diurnal accipitrine birds. The species are not very numerous, but are widely distributed, some being found in all parts of the world, and sometimes the same species is met with over very extensive regions. But twelve species were known to Linnæus; we now reckon that number as common to New England; forty are found on this continent, and one hundred and forty species are at present known to naturalists. Their large, sensitive eyes incapacitate most of them for distant vision in the hours of bright daylight, though a few are observed to be quite diurnal, particularly those inhabiting the extreme northern regions. Their plumage is remarkably soft and downy, fitting them for a noiseless flight through the still night air, while their extremely sensitive auditory organs take cognizance of the least commotion around them. In fine, one need but contemplate their forms and organs to be at once struck with wonder at the nice adaptation of these birds to

the life they lead—doubtless to them one of pleasure and variety. Owing to their vision being defective by day, they appear quite stupid and inactive in the clear light of the sun, a few species being quite bewildered at such times, and allowing themselves to be taken by hand. The Crows, Jays, and most of the smaller birds, seem to take great pleasure in teazing them when thus situated, but are aware of their danger as soon as darkness approaches.

Commencing with the more diurnal species, we meet with the genus *Surnia*, in which the typical characteristics of the owl are less developed than in those more nocturnal, and considerably resembling some of the *Falconidæ* in form, aspect and habits.

The Hawk Owl or Day Owl, (*Surnia funerea*, Dum.,) also known as the *Canadian Owl* and *Long-tailed Siberian Owl*, is a constant resident of the northern parts of both continents, migrating southward in winter, when they are occasionally met with in New England, and are sometimes seen as far south as Pennsylvania. The vicinity of the Arctic Circle, however, seems to be their favorite abode and place of breeding, where they construct a nest in trees, laying two white eggs. This Owl is quite diurnal, hunting by day as well as by night, and seems to have about as much the aspect of a Hawk as of an Owl, it evidently forming the connecting link between the diurnal and nocturnal rapacious birds. It is a fearless bird, preying much upon Partridges, and will boldly snatch up game killed by hunters, and it is said to often hover about them for that purpose. The White Ptarmigan is said to be its favorite food in winter.

The length of this species is fifteen to eighteen inches; color above, brown spotted with white; beneath, elegantly barred with dark brown and white.

The Snowy Owl, or White Owl, (*Surnia Nyctea*, Dum.,) like the preceding, is an inhabitant of the remote Arctic regions of both continents, but in winter descends to milder latitudes, being met with here at that season, and is sometimes seen as far south as Florida. Wherever it appears it is sure to attract attention, from its large size and white plumage. It hunts with ease during the day, as well as by twilight; its usual prey consisting of rabbits, grouse, ducks, mice, and, it is said, even carrion; and it is described as being fond of frequenting the shores and banks of shallow rivers, over which it slowly glides, or perches on a projecting rock, in search of fish, which it clutches with a sure aim, whenever they come within its reach.

The desolate countries of Lapland, Norway, Siberia, Iceland and the country around Hudson's Bay are its most favorite haunts, where it is common throughout the year; and the forlorn mountains of Greenland, where the silence of death and desolation reigns almost supreme during a large part of the year, echo to the horrid notes of this wild and hardy monarch, which are so doleful that they are said to increase the gloominess of the desolate scene. This formidable hunter measures two feet or more in length, and five feet across the extended wings. Plumage, snow white, thick and downy, marked with lunated spots of brown.

The Acadian Owl, (*Ulula Acadica*, Aud.,) is one of the smallest of the Owls, but little exceeding a Robin in size; but, to use the words of Wilson, "like many other little folks, makes up, in neatness of general form and appearance, for deficiency of size, and is, perhaps, the most shapely of all our owls. Nor are the colors and markings inferior in simplicity and effect to most others. It also possesses an eye fully equal in spirit and brilliancy to the best of them." It is common to both continents, being frequently seen in Middle and Northern Europe; it is seen on the American continent as far north as Nova Scotia and Hudson's Bay, but most abounds in the Middle and Northern States, where it is constantly found. It exhibits a preference for the vicinity of the seashore, and dark pine forests; the melancholy and gloomy umbrage of those solitary evergreens forming its favorite haunts, where it sits dozing and slumbering all day, lulled by the roar of the neighboring ocean. It is extremely active by night, and has the reputation of being a noted and dextrous mouse-catcher. A very pleasing account of this little Owl may be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1859. This species is but seven inches in length, and eighteen in alar extent; above, plain olive brown, spotted with white; beneath, streaked with pale ochre and reddish bay. This bird is often known as the *Saw-Whet Owl*, from its peculiar note, and sometimes as the *Sparrow Owl*, from its feeding upon these birds.

Richardson's Owl, (*Ulula Richardsoni*, ——,) is a northern species, seldom seen as far south as Massachusetts, or even New England, even in severe winters, but abounds in the northern parts of the continent. An individual of this species, was killed one severe morning in last December, by the writer, and the specimen is now preserved. To escape from a pack of noisy Blue Jays that discovered it as soon as daylight appeared, it sought refuge in the vicinity of the house, but met a more fatal enemy. It has generally been described as identical with its European congener, *Ulula Tengmalmi*, or *Tengmalm's Owl*, which it very strongly resembles, but has finally been declared distinct, and appropriately dedicated to its enterprising discoverer, who has the following observations concerning it: "When it accidentally wanders abroad in the day, it is so much dazzled by the light of the sun as to become stupid, and it may easily be caught by the hand. Its cry in night is a single melancholy note, repeated at intervals of a minute or two, and it is one of the superstitious practices of the natives to whistle when they hear it. If the bird is silent when thus challenged, the speedy death of the inquirer is thus augured; hence its Cree appellation of *Death Bird*." On the banks of the Saskatchewan it is so common, that its voice is heard nearly every night by the traveller, wherever he selects his bivouac. The length of the specimen before me is eleven inches; extent twenty-four and a half; upper parts grayish tawny brown, with numerous white spots on the head and neck; lower parts, mostly yellowish white. J. A. A.

How the Bean Climbs the Pole.—Professor Brewer, of Washington College, Pa., communicates to the *American Journal of Science and Arts* the result of some experiments made by him

on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds that they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are warmest in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day, the vine is all attracted toward the light, but at night, especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

VERMONT APPLES.

You will please accept a few Vermont apples; they are not sent because we think they are equal to some of your Massachusetts apples, but only to let you see some of our native varieties.

The dark red apple is a native of Barnet, and keeps well until late in the spring, and is familiarly known here as the "Granny Bayley." The other two varieties originated on the old Whiteland farm in this town, a part of which I now occupy.

The sweet one we call the Whiteland Winter Sweet. It is a good keeping apple and a good baking apple.

The other variety has been known here as the Pumpkin apple ever since my earliest recollection.

You can test the eating and keeping qualities, and while doing so please accept the best wishes of

Ryegate, Vt., Oct. 29, 1860. W. T. WHITELAND.

REMARKS.—Thank you for the "Vermont apples." We have tested the eating qualities, but shall find it somewhat difficult to test their *keeping* qualities. You must depend, mainly, upon your *native* varieties of apples for your supply. They will probably be reliable when those introduced from other localities would fail.

—

SKIM MILK—APPLES FOR COWS.

Will you, through the columns of your paper, inform your readers whether milk fed to cows is injurious, or not? It is said by some to cause garget, and by others to cause them to shrink in their milk. Are apples injurious to a cow giving milk?

West Orange, Nov., 1860. L. GAGE.

REMARKS.—We have never heard that skimmed milk fed to cows in proper quantites is injurious to them, and we do not think it is. Some persons place little value in apples as a feed for cows; others value them highly, and we are inclined to be found with the latter class. A friend who keeps two or three horses, and who is an excellent judge of them, told us the other day, that when his apples began to fall in September he gave his horses no more grain, but substituted about a peck of apples each day; that the horses had continued to perform their work as they had before, and that they continued in good flesh and spirits, and that while they enjoyed the apples highly as food, they had every appearance of doing as well as they did upon the grain.

Fed judiciously to cows, why should they not have a similar influence? By *judiciously*, we mean as grain is fed,—as a relisher and variety, but still as affording valuable nutriment.

—

HOW TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.

Seeing a communication in your last showing a good way to relieve choked cattle, I thought, for the benefit of your numerous readers, I would send a remedy that I have known for over twenty years. I have been called upon to administer it several times during that period, and have never known it to fail. In some instances where all others have proved abortive, it has given the desired relief.

Take a small quantity of powder, enough to load an old-fashioned musket, do it up in some soft paper like a cartridge, raise the animal's head, draw its tongue, put down the cartridge as low as you can, so that the creature will attempt to swallow. After a few minutes let it move about, and soon the creature will be relieved and no damage be done to it in any way, which I have known done by the other remedy.

Warwick, Nov. 5, 1860. HERVEY BARBER.

—

WOMEN AND HARD WORK.

Permit another New Hampshire girl to say a few words in your columns—not to complain of the hard tasks of farmers' wives and daughters—though I am glad the subject has been introduced; but to state briefly a fact or two in my own experience.

I am one of those farmers' daughters who have completed a regular course of education; of substantial acquirements, rather than mere accomplishments. Many an hour have I spent at home upon preparatory studies, while my hands were busily employed. When at school my bills were promptly paid, nearly half by myself; and I may safely say that had it not been for my own exertions, I should now have only a common education. Thus much has one farmer's daughter been able to accomplish; and I doubt not that many others have done even more, while obtaining an education.

I do not feel called upon at present to decide whether I will be a farmer's wife or not; but, were I placed in such a situation, I would endeavor to have good books and papers (among which should be the *New England Farmer*;) and I think that almost any one engaged in farming can afford a few of these for himself and family.

I hope your correspondent, "A. E. P.," will inform farmers' daughters how to get money, rather a scarce article among that class; and also reveal the secret spoken of, for the benefit of those, (myself included,) who are not afraid of hard work, and will not refuse a man merely *because* he is a farmer.

Oct., 1860. — SALLIE, *of N. H.*

COWS—FALL FEED—APPLES.

I wish to inquire of you, or of any who can tell me through the *Farmer*, what ails my cows? They had been in rich after feed about two weeks, at which time they all, four in number, dried up their milk full one-half, in, perhaps, two or three days. They had been put in the stable at night, and in the morning fed with a few apples, each; the quantity did not exceed eight quarts to a cow. Some of my neighbors think that the apples did the mischief; but I have been in the practice of feeding my cows with apples, when I have had them, and thought I knew how to do it, as the results have always been favorable. Please give your opinion of the cause of the evil, and also name a remedy, if you know of one, and oblige,

Snow's Store, Vt., Nov. 5, 1860. ADIN BUGBEE.

—

WHEAT IN WARWICK, MASS.

Sowed 30 qts. of wheat on 75 rods of ground, April 24, and sowed broadcast three barrels of wood ashes, May 22. No other manure the present year. Planted with corn and manured highly last year. Reaped Aug. 16 and 17, rather green, 390 bundles. Threshed 50 bundles Aug. 24, yielding 2 bushels, 2 qts. Making by estimation on the piece, 16¼ bushels, or 35¼ bushels to the acre. HERVEY BARBER.

Warwick, Sept. 9, 1860.

P. S. Since the above I have, with Hill's threshing machine, threshed the remainder and winnowed up 13½ bushels of No. 1 wheat and 1¼ bushels of No. 2. Making 16 7-8 bushels in all.

REMARKS.—This wheat was raised on the hard, rocky soil of Warwick, where it is somewhat expensive getting in a crop,—but it is a soil upon which wheat generally flourishes well.

LAYING OUT GROUNDS NEAR THE HOUSE.

I have a small piece of land in front of my house that I wish to lay out for a front yard. I want to lay it out handsomely, and I am not used to such business, nor is there any one here who does understand laying out grounds in good shape. I hope you will assist me through the *Farmer*. E. H. P.

Naugatuck, Conn., 1860.

REMARKS.—Send to "Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.," for a volume of their *Illustrated Rural Register*, in which you will find just what you want.

REMEDY FOR CHOKED CATTLE.

As soon as you discover that the creature is choked, take hold of the windpipe, below the potato, or whatever it is, with both hands, having one thumb on each side, and work out. If that fails, take a horseshoe and put into the mouth to hold it open, then run the hand down the throat and take it out.

I knew an ox once that was choked with a potato to throw it out by giving him two or three spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper. C. M. FISHER.

Cabot, Vt., Nov. 5, 1860.

A LARGE CALF.

Mr. Benjamin R. Wilson, of Bristol, R. I., has a bull calf born on the 8th of April, which now weighs nearly 800 lbs. At the age of four months it weighed 500 lbs.; at five months 595 lbs.; at six months 705 lbs. It is half Devonshire and half Durham, is of a dark red color, well proportioned, and in every way a very splendid animal.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

In the rapid march of Time, another of those periods defined as a year has nearly run out its last sands. The Seasons have succeeded each other in their regular order, bringing variety, beauty, and unnumbered blessings to us with them. They have brought the snow and rain and stormy wind, as well as gentle airs, refreshing dews and the grateful and all-invigorating sunshine. Each season has performed its part in the wonderful operations of Nature, filling the earth with gladness, crowning it with beautiful objects for our investigation and admiration, and providing every needful thing for the teeming, animated life that seeks support from her generous bosom.

No influences assigned to these seasons have been neglected, or left in an unfinished condition. If there were apparent defects in the short or unripened crops of some localities,—they were defects in our own imperfect vision only, and not in the Master Mind that controls and regulates them all. Perhaps a closer investigation of the laws of nature, and a more skilful management of the soils under our care, might have given a more gratifying result to our labors, and if so, it goes to show what yet remains to be done on our part to make the earth yield her full increase. Nature is certainly true to all the duties assigned her, whatever defects may appear in man.

Summer and Autumn have passed away. The crops of the farm have been perfected and gathered in. The leaves have faded and fallen, and now float on the breeze, strew the ground, or are collected under fences and in corners where they will gradually decay. How emblematic of life! "Our earth at one season is clad in her beautiful dress of living green; the bright rays of a vernal sun enrich, expand and beautify every scene in creation. The soft warm air is filled with music, sunshine and perfume; and all nature shines out in unrivalled beauty and splendor. But the withering breath of a few revolving months robs the fields of their blooming verdure and loveliness, the forests and trees of their magnificent foliage, and causes the green-clad earth 'to lay her glory by' until the time shall come for the reproduction of flowers and plants, upon the face of nature. Change and decay are unfadingly impressed upon all things earthly. The eye lingers not upon an object, however beautiful and lovely now, but what the breath of Time shall some day mar or efface it."

"Where now are all the blossoms fair,
Flowers of the sunny gleam,
Which grew profusely everywhere
Along the forest stream?
Ah! their brief summer day is o'er;
In these wild dells they bloom no more!

"Is not our day of life as brief?
Do we not pass as soon away?
Beholdest thou yon falling leaf,
Traced with the lines of dull decay?
Such is our life—thus do we fade,
And falling, mingle with the dead."

Truly such is our life; the bloom of childhood, the freshness of youth, the vigor of manhood, the decay of age, and then the earthly drama is closed!

But—thoughtful reader—is not this in exact accordance with the other operations of nature, and is there in it any cause for sadness or alarm? If we have rightly improved the past, this is but the falling of the leaf, or the dropping of the seed, to germinate again and come forth in a new and higher life, and instead of oppressing us with sadness, should be received as we welcome the changing seasons, or the ripened harvests, with grateful confidence and love. The Father has ordained this change in us, as our highest good; it is our own imperfection that gives it a seeming evil.

Surrounded with so many manifestations of the Father's wisdom and love, as the farmer always is, he, of all men, should be filled with an enlarged faith and confiding trust,—and in this spirit he should sow and gather in his harvests, and set an example to the world of an unquenchable love and perfect obedience to the divine will. He cannot be a good farmer, or husband, or father, who is not a good man; and though his acres teem with fertility—and herds fill his stalls, —though sons and daughters grow up about him as the cedars upon Lebanon, he cannot be a true

farmer and citizen if the love of God be not in his heart.

There is but one thing to mourn over and be sad about in life,—and that is, *the neglect of duty!* All else is in the hands of Him who knows better than ourselves what is best for us, and will order everything for our good. Our prayer should be,—

"What *conscience* dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do,
This, teach us more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue."

Our life, to be a happy one, must be made up of sweet affections and noble, voluntary actions and aims. We must not be content with leaving the world no better than we found it, but beautify the earth with well-directed industry and skill, and make it "as the garden of the Lord," better because we have lived in it and wrought upon it. And while we study to improve the soil, we must strive to elevate the mind by our daily walk and conversation; impress it with hopeful and cheerful thoughts, and direct it into itself to find there "the kingdom of heaven." Our *actions* will be the fruits of our life by which we shall be judged.

"Action is life!—'tis the still water falleth!
Inaction ever despaireth—bewaileth!
Keep the watch round, for the dark rust assaileth.
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon!
Action is glory!—the flying cloud lightens!
Only the waving wing changes and brightens!
Inaction only the dark future frightens!
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune."

This, fellow-pilgrim, is our lay sermon for you at the out-going of the year. We do not regret its departure, because it has done all that it was created to do. Let us do the same, and our departure will be as consistent and peaceful as that of the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty.

FLESHY BUT NOT FAT.—In speaking of a "fully fatted animal" that was exhibited at the late State fair of the Agricultural Society of Michigan, the *Farmer* says:

There is a very great difference between an animal in full flesh and one perfectly fat, and yet there are many persons who have handled cattle all their lives, and who know so little about stock that they are entirely ignorant as to what a good, ripe, fat animal means, but are quite likely to pronounce a well fleshed ox fat, when in reality he has only rounded up his muscle preparatory to laying on a good coating of fat.

SAND FOR HORSES' BEDS.—Mr. Small, of Dundalk, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' beds, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat, and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his repository.—*Valley Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen Mr. Crandall's notice in your valuable paper, setting forth the wonderful properties of the Egyptian corn, and being anxious to test the value of every thing that claims to tend to the advancement of agricultural matters, I mailed to him one dollar, and in due time received a small package containing 125 kernels of the corn, with directions for planting, hoeing, &c., all post-paid. On the 14th day of May I planted 120 kernels, and in six or eight days 31 of these shot forth their puny stalks; and on the 1st day of July, the remaining five kernels were planted, but only one of them came. The 32 stalks were watched and tended with the utmost care, according to the directions, as near as possible; and on the 28th of September, the corn was harvested, though in a perfectly green state; the stalk planted in July having just "silked out." Taking the best hill for a sample, there were six stalks, all apparently from one kernel. On these were fourteen ears, from two to five inches long, that had corn on them, but not filled out over the end, nor ripe. Besides these, there were fifteen ears set and silked, but no corn. I am confident the corn cannot be profitably raised in New England, either for the corn or the fodder, for the stalk is hard, wiry, and of a waddy texture, and wholly unfit for any kind of stock.

Pomfret, Vt., Oct. 29. SAMUEL S. DOTON.

REMARKS.—See article below.

For the New England Farmer.

EGYPTIAN CORN AGAIN.

I saw an advertisement in your paper last May, recommending Egyptian corn, and sent one dollar to Mr. Crandall for some of it. He sent me 128 kernels which I planted the 18th day of May and about one-sixth of it came up. I got one cob and a silk, and no corn. My other corn got ripe. I once thought your paper came from the house of prayer, but I am afraid it has turned into a den of thieves. G. W. P.

Tyson Furnace, Vt., 1860.

REMARKS.—This will answer for the Egyptian corn. The reports to us are all of the same character. It was "a sell," as the "boys" call it, and no mistake. We do not intend to publish any thing, even as an advertisement, that is not open, fair and honorable—and there was no reason apparent why we should distrust the fairness of Mr. Crandall's advertisement. We shall be on our guard in the future, and hope the reader will. He must remember, however, that *because* we publish an advertisement or a communication, we do not endorse its sentiments. We sometimes publish both that we have no faith in whatever. A newspaper, under certain conditions, is a medium for the public voice, and an editor does not always feel bound to notice what he may consider erroneous, but leave it for the criticisms or commendations of others.

THAT TRACK.

The Editor of the *Homestead* attended the late Fair of the New London County Society. The association has leased twenty acres of ground, near the city of Norwich, for its annual exhibitions, and, among other fixtures, has prepared an excellent half-mile track. The contemplation of this level, wide and well rolled highway must have left the most pleasing impressions on the mind of the sedate Editor of the Homestead; for he writes out an account of the show, in which we find such facetious reflections on the future of this "circular show ground" as the following:

It is furnished with a judges' stand, and a spacious amphitheatre of seats where farmers' wives and daughters, and genteel ladies from the cities, can look on and see the sport of fast horses and faster men. We should think it was a race-course if it was in any other place, and if running horses for money was in fashion. But appearances are deceitful. Sometimes they mean a good deal more, and sometimes a good deal less than they ought to.

Some have fears that this track or circular show ground will degenerate into a race course; that if it do not become such at the fairs, it will be used for such purposes on other occasions. Here it is in the neighborhood of a city, and the Society has no use for it beyond three days in the year. It is so good a track and so handy, why should not other people have the benefit of it? But such fears are probably a little old-fogyish.

There are others who are afraid that the interest of the multitudes who come up to the farmers' anniversary will be all concentrated upon the track, and the fair will become mainly an annual horse fair; that if the horse is introduced every half day in the exhibition, not much else will be seen but horse, that the women and children will hear nothing but horse talk, and will go home to talk and dream of horses for a month after the fair; that the mothers will be naming their babies after fast horses, and the family Bibles will be lit up with blazonry of modern horse nomenclature; as for example, Flora Temple Smith, born Oct. 10th, 1860—Patchen Smith, Nov. 1st, 1861.

Now, ye gentlemen of the old school, please put off your spectacles, and do not see too much. We will say a word in behalf of the management. There may be some danger of the calamities you imagine, but they can be guarded against. Greater speed is what is wanted in all domestic animals, including man, and the track can be so used that it will result in quickening the pace not only of horses, but of all New London County. Perhaps you have overlooked in the programme a foot-race, with a prize of ten dollars for the greatest human speed. This is classic, and as you love the good old times, the managers have brought something from heathen Greece for your entertainment. Men and ambitious youth emulous of fame and an X mark are to scour the track promiscuously. You have often complained of Bill's laziness, and scolded Seth as a slow-moulded blockhead. Here is something that will take the mould out of them, and limber their joints. We want nimbler feet on the farm, after the plow, after the cart, after the cows, everywhere, and there is nothing like exercise to make perfect. The track is not simply to perfect the speed of horses, but of men and other animals.

Probably another year the programme will be varied somewhat, and be made still more practical. We might have a race with loaded wheelbarrows, say ten dollars to the highest speed in wheelbarrow, loaded with three hundred pounds of dirt, best two in three, half mile heats. This would bring out the Michaels and the Patricks, and would tend to quicken the pace of all who use wheelbarrows, in all parts of the county.

Then we need a faster gait in cows, especially in those that run in poor pastures, where they have to walk far to get their food. Now many a cow is not able to walk far enough in a day to get a full stomach, and does not make the milk or butter she would with a higher speed. Perhaps we shall have a premium on a cow race, best three in five.

Then cats are a neglected class of domestic stock, that need to be improved. Many a mouser now just misses her prey for lack of a little higher speed, and the farmers' cellars and corn-cribs suffer by reason of the slow gait of cats. If they could be brought up to a 2.40 speed it would be the salvation of many a grain bin and root cellar. Thousands of dollars are sacrificed every year to a slow moulded race of cats. Shall we have a cat race?

Indeed, there is hardly an animal upon the farm that does not need rubbing up, and that may not be improved by a judicious use of this track. Many a hen brings up a lean, half-starved brood of chickens, for want of a higher activity in scratching. Shall we not have a hen race, in which the delinquent biddies shall be made to come up to the *scratch?*

So you see, gentlemen of the old school, that your fears about this track's running away with the Society are utterly groundless. It is designed to bring up universal nature, including yourselves, to a higher speed.

RAISING COTTON AND CORN.—A correspondent of the *Southern Rural Gentleman*, in an article advocating a greater diversity of agricultural products at the South, makes the following statement:

"I was told by a planter this summer, that he had sold twenty-one bales of his last year's crop for $170 nett. This cotton grew on about twenty-one acres of the best land in the world, and land that would have produced sixty bushels of corn per acre with the same culture that was bestowed upon it while in cotton, could have been saved with one-fourth the labor that it took to save the cotton; and would have amounted to 1260 bushels, or $1260, and that at home and in the crib."

AGRICULTURAL METEOROLOGY.—The Smithsonian Institution is preparing, by order of Congress, a most interesting report on agricultural meteorology, which will be a welcome boon to our farmers. Besides meteorological statistics, collected during the last ten years at nearly four hundred stations, it will contain the arrival and departure of birds, fishes, and other migratory animals, and also the time of planting and harvesting of crops, etc., at different parts of the United States.

A NEW VOLUME.

Sustained and cheered by the steady patronage of the industrious and intelligent farmers of the country,—but chiefly of New England—and essentially aided by the mechanic, inventor, merchant and professional man, and especially by clergymen in the latter class,—we shall enter upon the Sixteenth volume of the Weekly *New England Farmer*, and the Thirteenth of the Monthly, with a determination that it shall keep pace with the progress of the age, and within the scope of its aims, in whatever will tend to interest or be of pecuniary value to its readers.

It shall be printed upon good paper and a large, fair type, so that it shall not discredit the noble art of printing, and so that it may be read by eyes older than they were last year, and do them no harm.

It shall be issued promptly, so that it shall be a constant and reliable visitor, not a spasmodic one, coming just as you are sitting down to dinner, when you least expected it, and when your usual leisure hour has passed that you could have devoted to it.

It shall contain in a condensed form, notices of all the important general news of the world that shall reach our shores, in the Weekly form, and of the agricultural in the Monthly.

Each of the forms shall be illustrated with such engravings as will be of practical value to the reader in his business of life, and not introduced merely as embellishments to please the eye. Skilful designers and artists have already been engaged to furnish them, and they will be scattered through the pages of the coming volume.

The attentive reader has already observed that very little has been given in the form of essays, or extended articles upon old practices or new theories,—the editor believing that his readers are mostly engaged in the active business of life, and prefer brief thoughts and words, just as they spring from other active minds, and that the comparatively few who would like to have subjects more thoroughly discussed, can readily find all they want in the excellent agricultural books that have now become quite common.

The favors of correspondents have heretofore been so numerous that our space has been mainly occupied with them, so that we have not availed ourselves of the excellent articles in our exchange papers to such an extent as we have often desired to do. Still, every exchange paper is carefully examined, and we believe there is not one upon our list that has not been extracted from, and proper credit given it, during the year now closing.

We desire to express our thanks and obligations to *correspondents* for their frequent and valuable articles, and to ask a continuance of them. The benefits are not ours alone, for whoever writes carefully upon a subject not only impresses what he writes more firmly upon his mind,—but the writing leads to a closer thought and investigation, and, consequently, to a better understanding of the matter under consideration.

We hope farmers, and especially young men, will write often, and will not wait until they think they can give a finer turn to a period. We want the ideas, and will cheerfully correct any inaccuracies of expression that may occur through haste, or a want of practice in composing.

Finally, we mean to be up in the morning, and keep along as closely as possible with whatever seems to be sound progress in the art of cultivating the soil, and lay it before the reader while it is fresh and new. We have no "hobby" or "Express pony" to ride—nothing of the kind: our interest is your interest, and yours are ours,—so let us amble along through the pleasant journey together, and pluck flowers, taste fruits, drink at the crystal brooks, and make the world a happier and better one that we have lived and labored in it in the year *Eighteen Hundred Sixty-One!*

WISH 'TWAS TRUE OF ALL OF THEM.—Col. J F. H. Claiborne closes a letter to the *Southern Rural Gentleman*, written in New York, with the annexed paragraph, a compliment to which some "northern farmers" we are sure will feel that they are not entitled:

In farm houses and equipments the northern farmers are far ahead of us. Their work horses are kept like carriage horses, well fed, well curried three times a day, covered with sweat-cloths the moment they stop work, and carefully littered and stalled. Nearly the same care is taken with their oxen and cows. Even their choice hogs are nicely curried down. Their farming implements are kept in better order, and always carefully cleaned before being put away. Their rule is, "a place for everything and everything in its place."

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